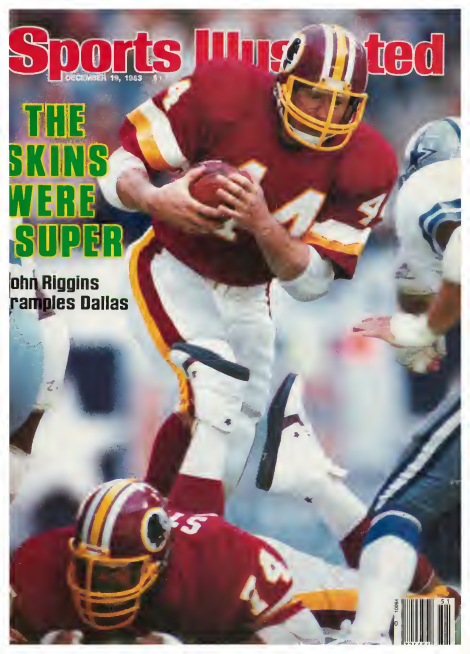


Sports Illustrated



DECEMBER 19, 1983 \$1

THE SKINS WERE SUPER

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LEADING OFF



Indiana jumped for joy upon scoring the only goal in the NCAA soccer championship, new Iowa basketball coach, George Haveling, twisted in torment as the Hawkeyes dropped a pair and, shades of 1980, it was USSR/ USSR/ time at Lake Placid.

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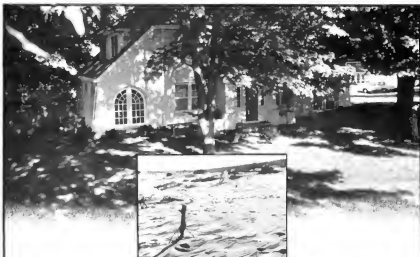
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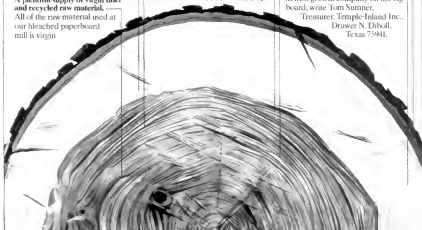
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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

PETE GENT'S THIRD NOVEL IS ABOUT FOOTBALL, BUT IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE

What are we to make of Peter Gent, one-time wide receiver and tight end of the Dallas Cowboys, whose third novel, *The Franchise* (Villard Books, \$16.95), was published last month? Gent's first novel, the rowdy, swinging *North Dallas Forty*, received a lot of attention, sold vigorously, turned Gent into what Dan Jenkins might call a semi-celebrity and was made into a movie of sorts. Gent then wrote *Texas Celebrity Turkey Trot*, an admirable effort in that he was trying to write a novel that took him beyond the autobiographical environs of *North Dallas Forty*. Though this attempt didn't come off very well, Gent showed that he at least deserved to be looked upon as a genuine writer, rather than as a former football player fooling around with a typewriter.

A number of big-time athletes, St. Kenny Moore and Rick Telander among them, have become successful journalists, but I can't think of many who have made a second career writing fiction. Bill Tilden wrote plays and novels, none memorable. Jackson V. Scholz, the 1924 Olympic 200-meter champion, who appeared as a character in the film *Chariots of Fire*, did a series of juvenile books. There may have been a few other athlete-novelists, but none were quite Pete Gent, who came out of NFL warfare to become proficient in this radically different field of endeavor. Don't lightly dismiss what he has done. It's difficult to write a book, even a bad one. Bill Gilbert, who has explored jungles, trekked across Arctic islands, crawled through caves on his belly and written six books, says, "Writing is probably the most fatiguing thing I know." That Gent, an athletic extrovert, a free-wheeling taster of the sweet life, has had not only the talent but also the dedication to metamorphose into a novelist is utterly remarkable.

Having said that, we move into the arena of criticism. *North Dallas Forty* was a brisk, obscene, funny, sometimes shocking blast at pro football. It was considered a roman à clef by readers who busily tried to identify the various characters with people on and around the Dallas Cow-

boys. The central character was obviously based on Gent himself, and the pain, anguish and, yes, exaltation he felt playing the game were admirably caught.

The Franchise is another matter. Although Gent has returned to pro football for his setting, there's very little on-field action in the book. He has invented an expansion franchise in Texas, and the plot deals with the machinations that go on when the game doesn't. However, if the characters in this book are thinly disguised fictional counterparts of real-life pro football people, the law ought to move in right now and arrest just about everybody in the game. Gent's characters, with few exceptions, are thugs, criminals, despicable figures guilty of murder, manslaughter, aggravated assault, torture, mayhem, theft, embezzlement, bribery, fixing games, stealing and hiding evidence, corrupting public officials and, I must sternly add, very reckless driving.

It's hard to understand what Gent is trying to say. Is he having fun, writing an exaggerated, hyperbolic satire of pro football just for the hell of it? Or is he seriously trying to warn his readers that this is what pro football is really like behind the facade? He seems near the truth when he describes naive players being ripped off by high-figure contracts that don't produce much actual cash. But when he has his fictional commissioner, Robbie Burden, and the fictional heads of the Players Union (never called the NFLPA) in cahoots, and when he has murderers and thieves bilking the players and the public, he's indulging either in wild hyperbole or something uncomfortably near outrageous libel.

Gent is good at describing places and things, although he's committed to the name-brand school of writing. His characters don't wear shoes; they wear Guccis. But his plot is so extravagant, the characters so shallow, the dialogue so contrived that his story is simply unbelievable. There's also an extraordinary amount of gory killing, most of it detailed down to the last twist of a slug through somebody's spleen; there's so much of it that, in the end, *The Franchise* sounds like a preliminary script for one of those mindless movies that teenagers like and that keep film producers in business. Indeed, a press release says that Gent is already at work on a screenplay—for what will probably be a minor motion picture.



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"FIGHTING IS WHAT I DO BEST. IT'S WHY I WAS BORN"

Cynics will say it was inevitable, and they're probably right: The boxers who make the biggest deal of retirement are the ones likeliest to unretire. And Sugar Ray Leonard had made a big deal of it, announcing on Nov. 9, 1982, after an operation six months earlier for a partly detached retina of the left eye, that he was quitting because "I simply don't want to fight anymore." So what was the former world welterweight champion doing last Saturday night fighting two three-round exhibitions at Andrews Air Force Base near Washington, D.C. and declaring afterward, with a MacArthur-esque flourish, "I am back"?

Denying that he was returning to the ring because of a craving for money or adulation, Leonard said, "I'm coming back because fighting is what I do best. It's why I was born. It's as simple as that." Although Leonard has been repeatedly assured by doctors that his eye is healed, he admitted that the development of the thumbless glove figured prominently in his decision. He will probably insist on the use of thumbless gloves in fights and will certainly wear them in sparring.

"I studied my old training films," Leonard said. "I realized I wasn't being hurt during fights; I was being hurt during training. I'm convinced it was during a sparring session that I got the detached retina. Sparring partners are always figuring out new ways of defense. Some are scared and do things like sticking their thumbs in your eyes."

There's no question that Leonard was bored after spending 13 months on the wrong side of the ropes. He made TV commercials and did commentary for HBO and

CBS, but he never got out of shape. At first he was content to run mornings, but a few months ago—he won't say exactly when—he began to work out. To judge by his sharpness in the exhibitions at Andrews, the 27-year-old Leonard has done more than a little sparring in recent weeks. Weighing 151 pounds and wearing thumbless gloves, he dropped light heavyweight Herman Epps with a right cross in the third round and then showboated his way through three rounds with middleweight Odell Leonard, who is no relation.

Leonard can contemplate fighting in any of three divisions. He plans to launch his comeback in February, against either a ranked welterweight or junior middleweight, then go after one of the welterweight champs, either the WBA's Donald Curry or, more likely, the WBC's Milton McCrory ("I haven't forgotten what he said when I retired; that . . . if I hadn't retired, he would have gone for the eye"). If Leonard wins one of those titles, he might defend against Colin Jones, the tough young Welshman. After that he could fight Aaron Pryor, who would be asked to move up from junior welterweight; either of the two junior middleweight champions, Thomas Hearns or Roberto Duran; and finally the middleweight champ, Marvelous Marvin Hagler. Some observers assumed that Leonard was returning because of the prospect of a showdown with Hagler, but Sugar Ray insisted that the impulses that drew him back into the ring—against the wishes, incidentally, of his wife, Juanita—weren't so narrow. As he put it, "I have just come back to fight, and I don't care who it is."

—PAT PUTNAM



Leonard let Epps know he was back, decking him in Round 3.

HE'S GOT MOVES EVEN ON THE PHONE

Six days before his team's 21-7 victory on Sunday over the Los Angeles Rams, New England Patriots Coach Ron Meyer, who coached the Rams' Eric Dickerson at SMU, took a call on his Boston radio talk show from a man with an exaggerated Southern accent. "Is this Coach Meyer?" the caller asked.

"Yes, it is."

"Yeah, this is John Dawson from Waco, Texas, and I want to know, how do you plan to shut down that Mr. Dickerson?"

Meyer spoke at length on how hard it is to stop a gifted runner like Dickerson. The caller then asked him to compare Dickerson to other great backs an NFL history, but just as Meyer was about to oblige, the man interrupted. This time his accent was more familiar.

"Hey, Coach, it's me, Eric. . ."

A FROSTY PEACE

The NBA's regular referees, who have been locked out by the league since Sept. 1, will return to work this week,

thanks to a new collective-bargaining agreement signed last week. But the signing ceremony was almost as nasty as the labor dispute it was mercifully bringing to an end. Richie Phillips, general counsel for the NBA referees association, showed up 35 minutes late, after which he and NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien engaged in recriminations and exchanged stiff handshakes and frosty smiles for the cameras. "How much longer do we have to keep this up, Larry?" Phillips asked at one point during the ordeal.

"I can assure you, longer now than any

continued

time in the future," said O'Brien, who is retiring on Feb. 1.

Despite the incivilities and three pens that wouldn't write, the league and the refs signed a three-year contract that increases the refs' pay from a starting salary of \$18,146 and top salary of \$65,000 to \$28,000 and \$90,000, respectively, by the third year of the agreement. The refs will also receive from \$3,000 to \$27,000, depending on rating and length of service, in playoff revenue. In return, the union dropped its demand for a decrease in the authority of Vice-President of Operations Scotty Stirling in the league's ref rating system.

After their long layoff, some returning referees will no doubt be slow getting back into the swing of things on the court. "I think it's fair to say that it's going to take a few games," Stirling said. "But I don't think the process is going to

impact negatively on the game." While they are getting reacclimated, the regular refs can scarcely do worse than their substitutes, who often lost control of games and, with a few exceptions, failed to win the respect of players and coaches.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBERS

Women's college basketball has its own version of the Pine Tar Affair, a rules controversy that affected the outcome of a game and could hang over much of the current season. The dispute involves the numbers on new uniforms that players for Avila College of Kansas City were issued just before a game last week against Missouri Valley College. When Avila Coach Henry Newell entered his lineup in the official scorebook, he listed team members as having the same numbers they'd worn in previous games. What

Newell hadn't noticed was that for nine of his players the uniform numbers had been changed.

No sooner did the game begin than Missouri Valley Coach Marlene Joy protested that some of the Avila players weren't wearing the numbers listed in the scorebook. Referee Debbie Brown promptly assessed nine technical fouls against Avila, one for each of the players involved in the mix-up, and Missouri Valley's Joy Swadley sank eight of the nine resulting free throws. Newell objected in vain that Avila should only have been charged T's for the five players on the court at the time. Missouri Valley won the game 46-44.

The next day Brown called Newell and told him he was right; having gone over the rules, she agreed that technicals should have been assessed only for Avila players then on the floor. What's more, one of the Avila starters had been wearing the number entered in the scorebook for her. In other words, Brown should have assessed only four T's.

Should four of Missouri Valley's eight free throws be disallowed and Avila declared the winner 44-42? Or, since Swadley had made only three of her first four free throws, should five of them be disallowed, making Avila the winner 44-41? Or should the game be replayed? Who should decide? The initial thinking was that officials of the NAIA, the organization to which both schools belong, ought to decide but that they shouldn't bother unless the issue ends up having a bearing on selections to the postseason tournament. If that should happen next March or thereafter, the Wrong Number Affair will have dragged on considerably longer than the 25 days it took to resolve the Pine Tar Affair.

THEY SAID IT

• Larry Shenk, Phillies public relations man, on the team's purge of veteran players: "Without Rose, Perez and Morgan, I save 10 pages in my press guide."

• Bum Phillips, New Orleans Saints coach: "Two kinds of football players ain't worth a damn. One that never does what he's told and the other that does nothing except what he's told."

• The New Jersey Nets' Darrell Dawkins, being greeted by a swarm of reporters at his locker after scoring a career-high 36 points against the Cleveland Cavaliers: "That's why I hate to play good."

END



Alt covered the waterfront for us in '82.



Now she's happily on Greschner's team.

A RANGER TAKES AN ISLANDER BRIDE

The wedding ceremony took place on the bride's native Long Island, the very heart of New York Islander Country. And indeed, when supermodel and SI cover girl (of the 1982 swimsuit issue) Carol Alt walked down the aisle of St. Aidan's Church in the community of Williston Park three days before Thanksgiving to marry Ron Greschner, a defenseman for the despised New York Rangers, quite a few Islander fans were in at-

tendance. Some of them were friends and relatives of Alt's who had been invited to the ceremony, but there also were an astonishing 1,500 wedding crashers on hand, including several kids who had the temerity to wear Islander jerseys. The newlyweds forgave them their trespasses. "We didn't want them there, but once they were, they were so nice and respectful in the church, it was really wonderful," said Carol. "They could have yelled out 'Rangers stink!' or 'Islanders forever!' or something like that, but they didn't."



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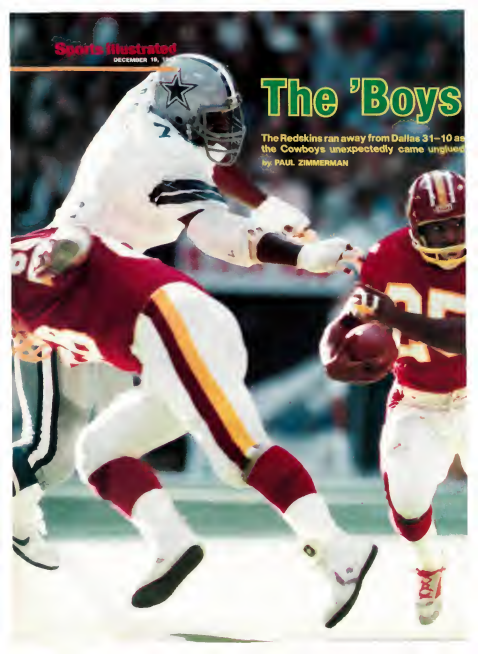
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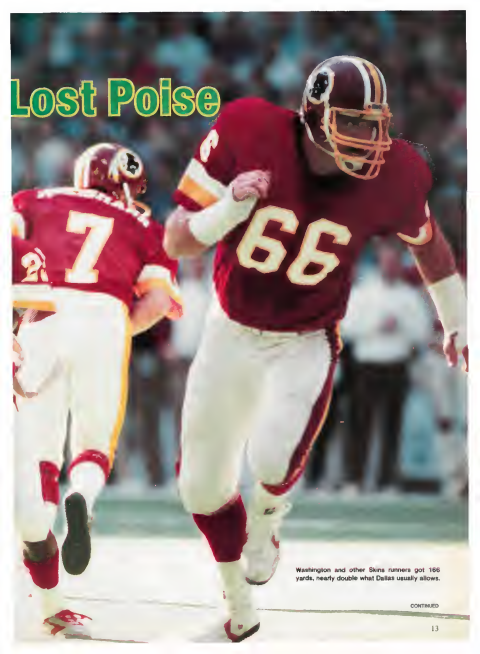
DECEMBER 18, 1997

The 'Boys

The Redskins ran away from Dallas 31-10 as the Cowboys unexpectedly came unglued

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Lost Poise

A full-page photograph of a Washington Redskins player, number 66, running with the football. He is wearing a maroon jersey with gold numbers and white pants with maroon stripes. He is in motion, leaning forward. In the background, another Redskins player, number 7, is visible from behind, also in motion. The background is a blurred stadium crowd.

Washington and other Skins runners got 166 yards, nearly double what Dallas usually allows.

CONTINUED



REDSKINS-COWBOYS *continued*

Warning to the Washington Redskins: Beware the wounded animal.

The Dallas Cowboys are down. Their ears are burning. The Skins squashed them 31-10 Sunday at Texas Stadium in a game one Dallas paper called Super Bowl XVIII½, a game that drew scalper prices as high as \$250 a seat. They were humiliated, and worst of all—you're not going to believe this—the Cowboys lost their poise. In the third quarter, the quarter in which Tom Landry always says you "take command," they came apart completely. They botched a fourth-and-inches play, snapping the ball when they shouldn't have, an error that had Landry screaming "No! No! No!" on the sidelines. Two Dallas defensive backs showed up in the middle of a Washington Fun Bunch celebration in the end zone and tried to start a rumble. They had 10 men on the field one time. The computer broke down and funny wires popped out. They supplied valuable footage for NFL Films' *Football Follies* series.

But before the Redskins do too much celebrating, they should note that this is exactly the time when Dallas is most dan-

gerous: when it's wounded and cornered.

Just ask the L.A. Rams. In December 1980 the Rams beat the Cowboys 38-14 to drop Dallas to wild-card status in the playoffs. Two weeks later the Cowboys came back and crushed the Rams 35-13 in a postseason game. In 1978 the Rams handed Dallas a convincing 27-14 regular-season drubbing. The Cowboys waited their turn. It came in the NFC championship game. Final score: Dallas 28, L.A. 0.

And Sunday's game against the Redskins, as epic as it appeared going in, was only Round 2 of a three-round fight. The Cowboys won Round 1 back in September. Now the rounds are even. Barring some unforeseen disaster, such as an early playoff loss, Round 3 should occur in three weeks when the teams meet again for the NFC title. Washington will go in as the Eastern Division champion, unless it blows this week's game against the Giants and Dallas beats San Francisco. But if form prevails, the Cowboys will make it via the wild-card route, thanks to last Sunday's loss. The teams are destined to meet again, and Dallas will remember. Beware the wounded animal.

Before this game, both teams showed



Bruce Hutter rammed Riggins a split second too late to prevent the Skins' last TD.

an almost psychopathic desire to avoid any statements that might be the least inflammatory, anything that could appear on the opponent's bulletin board. "I think the coaches' paranoia is beginning to rub off on the players," said Skins Free Safety Mark Murphy.

"Everyone is so quiet . . . it kind of scares me," said Cowboy Cornerback Everson Walls.

No more. There will be plenty of bulletin board stuff for the Dallas players to read. The newspapers will take care of that. The Cowboys will have a nice fat month to learn about how they got their noses shoved in it last Sunday. The third quarter is what they'll read about the most. They were on a high, going in. The Redskins had stunned Dallas with 14 quick points in the first quarter, but then the Cowboys stopped Washington on fourth-and-inches and scored on their last two possessions of the first half to cut

the lead to 14-10 at the intermission. And the stands were buzzing because this was exactly the sort of thing Dallas had done in the September game—bounced back from a 23-3 deficit to win it 31-30. Clearly, momentum had shifted.

The Cowboys took the second-half kickoff, picked up a first down and moved out near midfield where they faced fourth and less than a yard. Washington was in trouble. The Skins' regular strong safety, Ken Coffey, had knocked himself out on third down making a heroic tackle, holding Ron Springs short of a first down. He was replaced by Curtis Jordan. Murphy had left the game with an aggravated hamstring pull in the second-quarter, and his place had been taken by a second-year free agent named Greg Williams, third string on the depth chart and No. 8 of the eight defensive backs on the roster. It was time for the Cowboys to take command.

Instead it was *Football Follies* play No. 1. The Cowboys weren't punting. They loaded up their left side, and Quarter-

back Danny White got behind the center and called his signals and waited . . . and waited . . . and waited.

"It was weird, it was deathly quiet," Williams said. "I was thinking, 'C'mon, Dallas, bring it to us. What are you going to do, run a play, or take a delay penalty and punt, or call a time-out, or what?' Then I heard White call an audible, and his center yelled at him, and I realized they didn't know what they were doing."

"Tom Rafferty, their center, yelled to White, 'Don't run that play!'" Defensive Left Tackle Dave Butz said. "White told him, 'Be quiet, we'll run it anyway.' You feel pretty good when you hear that."

So Dallas ran the audible. Landry watched in horror as the ball was snapped, and on the sidelines you could see him screaming that "No! No! No!" even before Springs got the hand-off and swept left, only to be engulfed by Linebacker Neal Olkewicz and short-yardage specialists Charles Mann and Larry Kubiak for a two-yard loss.

"If we had a chance to successfully quarterback-sneak it, we were going to take it," Landry said afterward. "If we didn't, we were going to let the clock run out [take the delay-of-game penalty] and punt the football. Danny called an audible on the play because he saw a gap there. We weren't ready to audible at that point . . . he wasn't sure of the play . . . the backs weren't ready, although it was one of our basic plays."

"I saw something I didn't expect to see," White said. "It looked like they were missing a man on that side."

"I figured they'd run that side, because that's where they had the lead blocker," Williams said. "All of us figured that."

"From there on we made a lot of errors," Landry said. "Dallas is human," he added. "Don't think they're not human out there."

The Skins took over, got stopped when Quarterback Joe Theismann overthrew Wide Receiver Charlie Brown on third down, and punted. Then the Cowboys were stopped and punted, and little Virgil Seny, in for the explosive Mike Nelms, who had sprained his left knee, ran it back 42 yards to the Dallas seven. Momentum had shifted and reshifted.

continued

Theismann, who seldom threw, caught Dallas asleep with occasional first-down flings.



John Riggins was stopped after a yard run, Theismann threw behind his receiver, Art Monk, on the goal line, and on third down he tried to force a pass to Running Back Joe Washington, double-covered in the end zone. Cowboy Safety Michael Downs intercepted and run it out to the 22. Another momentum shift. "A bad decision on my part," Theismann said. "I went to the wrong man."

"Weirdest game I ever saw," Washington General Manager Bobby Beathard said. "I never saw so many changes in momentum."

Next came Football Follies play No. 2. On third-and-four from the Dallas 28, White hit Tight End Doug Cosbie on a curl pattern. The ball bounced off Cosbie's hands, Cowboy Drew Pearson snatched it, Skins Nickel Back Vernon Dean knocked it loose from him and Washington's 5' 8" cornerback, Darrell Green, grabbed it, fell over Pearson, got up and sprinted to the five-yard line, where White yanked him out of bounds by the face mask. The Cowboys were coming apart. On the sidelines a few of them heaved their helmets in disgust.

Green was ruled to have been down on the Dallas 43. Dallas buckled up, expecting John Riggins left, John Riggins right. He had already carried 16 times, but he seemed to be just getting warmed up. The Skins had been in a formation designed to loosen things up for him—three wide receivers and only one tight end, with the littlest of the Smurfs, 5' 7"



Thurman (32) and Downs were failures at foiling the flying flies of a Fun Bunch frolic.



Alvin Garrett, as the third wide-out. "They called up the wide receivers on Tuesday, our day off, and told us to come on in because they wanted to work on that formation for the Cowboys," Garrett said. "I was so excited about it I didn't even mind missing my day off."

"The idea was to spread their defense out so we could run at them," Theismann said. "Dallas' safeties are very run-conscious. They play almost like linebackers, so we wanted to get them away from the line and into coverage. It's easier running at seven guys than at nine."

And that's what Washington was doing. The Cowboys opened the game in their basic defense—three linebackers,

Frustrated by Green's interception, White yanked him to the ground by the face mask.

four defensive backs—and the Skins ran. Then they began using their dime package—six secondary people, one linebacker—as their base defense, and the Skins ran some more. Riggins carried the ball seven times in the first nine plays. "He'll get tired," a member of the Dallas staff crew said in the press box. "Yeah," said the guy next to him. "Next week."

By halftime Washington had run the ball 23 times, for 109 yards, and thrown eight passes. Twice Theismann had crossed up the Cowboys by going deep on first down. One of those passes had given the Skins a 27-yard gain on an interference penalty, setting up their first score; the other had given them a TD—a 40-yarder down the middle to Tight End Clint Didier.

Now, after Green's third-quarter interception, the Redskins had first down on the Dallas 43 and Theismann crossed up the Cowboys once more. He let one fly to Monk, down the left sideline, 43 yards for a score, over Nickel Back Ron Fells, who'd been caught in single coverage. The Fun Bunch gathered in the end zone for a group high five. All of a sudden there were two Cowboys in the middle of the celebrations, Downs and Cornerback Dennis Thurman, and that's when the real fun started. Downs took a shot at Garrett—then Monk—then Brown. "I was frustrated," Downs said. "I took it personally. I just didn't want to see that in Texas Stadium."

"It's funny now, but it wasn't then," Garrett said. "They said, 'You all aren't jumping in Texas Stadium.' I said, 'The hell we're not.' They kind of lost their cool. You win games by holding on to the ball, not fighting about some dance."

Dallas sent out only 10 men against the extra-point try. When the fourth quarter opened the Cowboys had the ball—and the short end of a 21-10 score. Pearson drew a clipping penalty. Tony Dorsett, who was to rush for only 34 yards on the day, drew a 15-yarder for heaving the ball at Tackle Darryl Grant. That Dallas drive, such as it was, ended with an interception by Williams, which set up Riggins' second short TD run. Williams also snuffed out Dallas' next possession on an interception. It set up a 38-yard Mark Moseley field goal.

The Cowboys will have a while to think about this horror show in Texas Stadium. They'd been on a roll—they'd averaged 37 points over their three previ-

ous games—but the Skins shut down their running, forced them to pass more than they wanted and held them to 10 points. The 295-pound Butz was a holy terror, getting three sacks and generally creating havoc.

Before the game there had been talk about Dallas' being able to throw deep on a Washington secondary that had lost two Super Bowl starters, Strong Safety Tony Peters (drug suspension) and Left Cornerback Jeris White (contract difficulties). Danny White did throw for one

from Grenada," said the Summit's assistant sales director, Howard Meincke.

"Caught me completely by surprise," Washington Coach Joe Gibbs said. "Lord only knows where they got those outfits. You never know what they're going to come up with."

"Don't you have a dress code?" someone asked him.

"Yeah, they have to be neat," he said. "I guess neat fatigues qualify."

"You'll notice that I wore civvies," Riggins said. "I didn't want anyone mis-



Pearson was upset by this pick-off by Williams, whose two thefts led to 10 points.

touchdown, a 29-yarder to Cosbie, but he also had three passes picked off.

The members of the Redskin secondary had started calling themselves the Pearl Harbor Crew—"because we get bombed so much," Murphy said—and that nickname, along with the linebacking corps' handle, Airborne Rangers, led to one of the more bizarre sights of the weekend. A couple dozen Skins checked into their hotel, the Summit, on Saturday wearing full camouflage fatigues, complete with combat boots.

"Looks like the Marines coming home

taking me for their commander. I have enough trouble taking care of myself, let alone 25 other guys."

Riggins gained 89 yards on 27 carries Sunday. He took care of himself just fine. His two rushing touchdowns gave him 23 for the season, tying the NFL record set by O.J. Simpson in 1975. Riggins also has 1,225 yards rushing this year, a personal high, and Brown has 73 catches, tying a club mark. The Skins have another game left to set more records. All the Cowboys have are memories. Watch out. It's not over yet.

1980

At Rooney, the 82-year-old owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers, toddled into the training room at Three Rivers Stadium recently to see for himself what all the commotion was about. At one end of the room sat an 18 x 12 x 4-inch metal box with a pencil-like device dangling from it on a cord. The box was blinking and beeping, doing all sorts of space-age stuff.

"What do we have here?" Rooney said, poking his way through a crowd of players. "Somebody from the circus?"

"No, Boss," replied Terry Bradshaw, the Steeler quarterback who missed Pittsburgh's first 14 games this season with an ailing throwing arm. "It's the Miracle Machine."

"Hmmm. Miracle Machine?" Rooney said with a laugh. "Let me try." He held out his arthritic right hand. Terry Eberhardt, a physical therapist from Shreveport, La., ran the "pencil" over Rooney's hand. The pain vanished. Rooney stared at his hand. And stared. And stared. He jumped up and bounced down the hall, stopping everybody he saw. "Look at this!" he exclaimed, making a fist for the first time in almost two years.

"Isn't it amazing?" Bradshaw said. "I just love this thing!"

And no wonder. The Miracle Machine, a.k.a. Acuscope, has given the 35-year-old Bradshaw new life, and in the process it has given a big boost to the Steelers' playoff prospects.

A month ago Bradshaw's right arm was so sore from off-season elbow surgery and a strained triceps that it was virtually useless. After having used that arm to throw for 27,912 yards and 210 touchdowns in his 14-year NFL career, Bradshaw had become almost completely a left-hander. "Just squeezing something brought him to his knees in pain," Eberhardt says. But on Nov. 19, Bradshaw began undergoing daily treatments on the Miracle Machine and, well, . . . Do you believe in miracles?

Last Saturday at Shea Stadium, Bionic Bradshaw took the field with his Miracle Machine Arm and picked apart the New York Jets. He hadn't taken a snap from center in an NFL game since Jan. 9, but



Bradshaw let it fly eight times, completing five throws for 77 yards and two scores.

on the Steelers' second series, with Jet Defensive End Mark Gastineau dancing in his face, Bradshaw tossed a 17-yard touchdown pass to Gregg Garmy. He came back early in the second quarter to hit Calvin Sweeney over the middle with a 10-yard scoring throw for a 14-0 lead. "I was nervous," Bradshaw said afterward, "but once I got on the field it was like a duck taking to water."

After his second touchdown pass, Bradshaw had to leave the game. He'd bruised his right elbow, having hit it on a Jet's helmet on one play and fallen on it on another. He'd completed five of eight passes for 77 yards, and later, in the locker room, he vowed he'd be back for the playoffs.

Going into the game against New

Bradshaw Gets New Hope From The 'Scope

The Miracle Machine recharged the arm of Terry Bradshaw, who joined up the Steelers' playoff prospects.

by JILL LIEBER

York, Pittsburgh badly needed to be energized. It had lost three straight after a 9-2 start, and in those three defeats, Bradshaw's backup, Cliff Stoudt, had been inept, completing only 30 of 74 passes (40.5%) for 339 yards, with six interceptions and just two TDs.

"Terry sent waves of confidence through the entire team," Steeler Coach Chuck Noll said. Indeed, Pittsburgh beat

the Jets easily, 34-7, and that win, coupled with Cleveland's 34-27 loss to Houston on Sunday, gave the Steelers the AFC Central title. All of which meant Pittsburgh could rest Bradshaw until its first playoff game, on New Year's Eve or New Year's Day.

There were times during the last eight months when Bradshaw didn't know what the next week—or even the next day—would bring. He'd strained his elbow severely in the '82 training camp and got through last season on weekly cortisone shots. Even before last season, a Shreveport orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Bill Bundrick, had diagnosed the ailment as "reverse tennis elbow"—microtears of the flexor-pronator muscle, which is located over the inside of the elbow—and on March 3 of this year he removed the damaged tissue and reattached the muscle to the humerus near the elbow. Bradshaw was told not to throw until July. But by Pittsburgh's May minicamp Bradshaw was feeling like his old self. He began throwing and tore more tissue in his elbow, which ballooned to the size of a softball. Bundrick told Bradshaw not to even think of playing before September. "I felt like scolding him," the doctor says. "But he can't help it. He's Terry Bradshaw."

By September the swelling and pain hadn't subsided, so the Steelers sent Bradshaw to physical therapists in Pittsburgh. He subsequently made a trip to Shreveport to see Bundrick and while there tested a new gadget the doctor had just bought—the Acuscope, which simulates the effects of acupuncture by increasing the electrical activity of cells, thereby promoting healing. Bradshaw used it just once and was a changed man. He began lobbing balls 30 to 40 yards. By late October he was signing to play. He threw and he threw and he threw—up to three hours and 1,500 balls a day. Soon he had a strained triceps. "It was a totally



The Acuscope simulated acupuncture for Bradshaw.

different injury," Bundrick says. "One from sheer overuse."

Out of frustration, Bradshaw and Noll began exchanging words in the newspapers. Bradshaw charged that Noll didn't care about him, Noll suggested that perhaps Bradshaw was ready for his "life's work," that maybe he ought to retire.

Bradshaw fled to Shreveport and the Acuscope. After one treatment he had 60% relief from the pain and swelling of the strained triceps; the next day, he had 80% relief. Ten days later, on the Monday following Thanksgiving, Bradshaw went back to Pittsburgh, this time with the Acuscope following close behind. He promised that a miracle had been performed, Noll was skeptical. But after seeing Bradshaw work out, Noll realized he had his old quarterback back. "I believe in miracles," he says now.

In the meantime half the Steelers have started using the Acuscope, and Rooney is ready to shell out \$6,000 for the team's very own machine. Yet despite its popularity in Pittsburgh, the Acuscope, which first came on the market three years ago, is used more on animals than humans. Says Bradshaw, "I can't wait to try it on my horses."

END



Escher, sprawled helplessly (above), left an unintended net for McGauley, who beat Banks (6) and Meegan (12) for the winner.



This Was The Stuff Of Dreams

The NCAA soccer final was a sweet vision for defending champ Indiana and an OT nightmare for Columbia, gem of the Ivies **by JACK FALLA**



As in a nightmare during which his deepest fear came true, Columbia Goalie Gary Escher could only watch, sprawled and helpless on the turf of Fort Lauderdale's Lockhart Stadium Saturday night, as Indiana Forward Pat McGauley redirected teammate Rodrigo Castro's shot into the Columbia goal. That score, which came after 102 goalless minutes—more than 12 of them in overtime—of the 1983 NCAA championship soccer game, gave the Hoosiers a 1-0 win and their second consecutive national crown. The score also effectively ended college soccer's dream game—No. 1-ranked Columbia (18-0) vs. No. 2-ranked Indiana (20-1-4). In fact, going in, this one had all the dream, dream, dream of an Everly Brothers revival.

Escher, the Lions' senior goalkeeper, started the dream sequence. He'd had an astonishing 12 shutouts and allowed only six goals in 18 games. On Thursday,

Escher said that Columbia had "a dream defense [and] Indiana's going to need a dream offense to beat it." To which Hoosier Coach Jerry Yeagley, whose team averaged 3.48 goals per game this season, said Friday, "We're going to try to make it [the dream defense] a bad dream."

On one side were the hard-running—and sometimes hard-hitting—Hoosiers, whose 18-man roster included 16 American-born players and eight one-time red-shirts. Such was Indiana's depth that Yeagley was noted for substituting freely and running opponents into the ground. He also set a famous pace for his own team. In midseason, he held two-a-day practices, and just before Indiana left for Fort Lauderdale Yeagley brought in the Hoosiers' legendary basketball coach, Bobby Knight, to deliver a pep talk. "When you come off that field," said Knight, "make sure you've done everything you can to assure victory."

The approach is different on 116th Street in Manhattan's Morningside Heights section. Columbia Coach Dieter Ficken relied on quick, skilled players—a blend of Americans, nine of them from the New York City area, and foreigners—a strong aerial game and Escher's brilliant goalkeeping, a mix that made the Lions the first Ivy Leaguers ever to reach the NCAA soccer finals. The Ivies can't redshirt or give athletic scholarships, and Ficken is sometimes lucky to get a full squad for one-a-days, because late classes

Escher was consoled by Ficken (left) after his dream shattered in the 103rd minute.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUELINE DUVOSIN

25-member band, which responded with a high-volume Roar, Lion, Roar!

Escher's heroics continued into the second overtime. At 1:35 he stopped a shot by Castro, but a minute later Castro took a feed from Greg Kennedy and raced down the right side, beating Columbia Wingback Kevin McCarthy and drawing Escher to the near post. He then sent a shot—it looked like a cross, but Castro swore it was a shot—to the far post. The ball was wide. But McGauley, outrunning the Lions' Neil Banks and John Meegan, got his left foot on the ball and slammed it into the virtually empty net.

Columbia nearly tied the game with 1:41 to play, but Dexter Skeene's header, on its way into the Indiana goal, went wide left after it hit the Lions' Frank Ozello. "That one tore my guts out," said Escher, the game's defensive MVP.

McGauley, the offensive MVP, said of his goal, "All I remember is people were running around. And I was yelling, 'Let's do it guys!' I was in shock."

It had been during a quieter moment before Friday's practice when McGauley, a senior who was redshirted last year because of a broken leg, had said, "I knew I had only this game to make the dream come true."

END

and labs often keep players out of practice. While the Lions didn't have a Bobby Knight to send them off, they did get about 200 of the college's 3,500 students to turn out for a Thursday noon rally in front of Low Library, where Columbia President Michael Sovern caught the Ivy spirit when he said the Lions "will be the first team to pass a soccer ball and Contemporary Civilization."

Besides Escher's goaltending, Ficken expected his tall back line, particularly 6' 4" Defender Greg Varney, to control the airways. He also wanted his defenders to "play the ball up quickly through their midfield to our forwards."

But even Ficken admitted that Indiana's midfield was "frightening," anchored by All-America and Olympic development team member John Stollmeyer, who, at 5' 9" and 170 pounds, is built like a miniature nose tackle.

Throughout the first half it was Indiana, not Columbia, that moved the ball upfield quickly, although the Hoosier defenders persisted in trying to send high balls toward the Columbia goal, thus playing to the taller Lions' strength.

"Look to the feet," Yeagley told his players at halftime. Meanwhile, Ficken was telling the Lions, "I don't know why they're trying for headers, but if this keeps up you are in an excellent position to score two goals." It was Escher who stood up and muttered, as much to himself as to anyone, "One goal. That's all.

One. One—nil, we win." Escher seemed to think he would not—could not—be scored on. He was almost right.

In the second half, Stollmeyer's and Mike Hylla's close and sometimes brutal marking of Columbia's Midfielder Steve Sartis helped to jam the Lion offense and underscored the impact of Columbia's loss of Midfielder Amir Aly, another Olympic development team member, who had pulled a muscle in his right thigh during the regular season.

As Indiana gradually intensified its attack, Escher became more and more brilliant, even as the dream defense was collapsing in front of him. Escher punched out a corner kick, and then a 20-yard blast by Indiana's top scorer, Paul DiBernardo, and then he fisted out a Stollmeyer throw-in with 4:06 remaining.

The overtime, the ninth for the Hoosiers but the first for the Lions this season, would consist of two 10-minute periods that had to be played to completion before sudden death could begin. But it was fairly obvious that the first goal would be the winner.

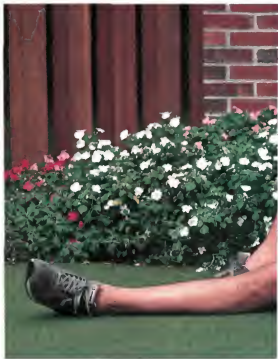
Twice in the opening overtime period Escher fended off Indiana shots. As the teams changed ends for the second overtime, Escher ran toward the stands gesturing and calling "C'mon" to the Lions'

McGauley, hugging DiBernardo, went into shock after scoring the game's lone goal.



As the contrail from United Air Lines Flight 133 evaporated into the sky over Logan Airport one night last week, a carefree Kevin McHale settled his 6' 10", 225-pound body into a first-class seat. The Boston Celtics had just completed their longest home stand of the season, and McHale was plotting a practical joke to get a road trip off on the right note.

When it comes to such jokes, the Celtics are as much a first-division club as they are at playing basketball. They steal writers' garment bags and page celebrities in airports. (Forward Cedric Maxwell always pages former NBA great Dolph Schayes, and once, last December in Salt Lake City, Schayes actually showed up.) McHale's favorite ruse is putting paper in the mouths of sleeping teammates. "Try



It's No Joke: This Card Is An Ace

using one of these cocktail napkins," he said. "When just the edge sticks out of a guy's mouth, it looks like he's got fangs. The best part is when he wakes up."

Do not disturb McHale, for waking him up right now would spoil everything. So far this season, he has played the best basketball of his four-year NBA career, and for at least two reasons he couldn't have picked a better time. First, with the fickle Boston Garden fans itching to remind him of the ill feeling generated last spring by the highly publicized negotiations that resulted in McHale's four-year \$4-million contract, his excellent play has kept the wolves at bay. "There's this

invisible wave of pressure at every home game," says Bob Ryan, a local sportscaster. "He's had to play this way."

Second, when All-NBA Forward Larry Bird suffered sprained ligaments in his right knee last Friday night against the Denver Nuggets, McHale the superb sixth man became McHale the starter and surrogate star. He responded well in Boston's ensuing game in Atlanta, playing 39 minutes, scoring 13 points and getting nine rebounds as the Celtics won 104-87.

Bird's injury will keep McHale from fulfilling his usual role as supersub, but that's no sweat for McHale. Two seasons

Kevin McHale often seems to play without a full deck, but he's a sixth man worthy of the Celtic tradition

by **ALEXANDER WOLFF**

ago when Bird fractured a cheekbone, McHale became a regular in his place and the Celtics won 22 of those 26 games as McHale averaged 15.5 points and 8.9 rebounds while maintaining his reputation as one of the league's most formidable shot-blockers. It might be said that McHale is a master of relief, comic and otherwise.

Under low-key Coach K.C. Jones,



Kristyn is the latest addition to Lynn and Kevin's suburban Brookline, Mass. household.

who replaced the acerbic Bill Fitch on the Boston bench this season, the Celtics have practically joked their way to a 17-6 record through week's end, which put them only 22 percentage points behind first-place Philadelphia in the Atlantic Division. Boston looks nothing like the tense team that lost in a four-game playoff sweep to Milwaukee in last spring's Eastern semifinals. This is K.C. & The Sunshine Band, and McHale is on lead vocals. He's headed for career highs in field-goal percentage (.58) after the win in Atlanta), rebounding (7.9 per game) and scoring (19.2) while playing about 30 minutes a game, essentially the same amount of daylight he averaged last season. McHale is at a loss to explain his improved play. "Maybe it was something I did during the off-season," he says.

"But I doubt golfing helps your field-goal percentage. I just have that feeling that every shot I take is going in."

Still, considering the events of the past nine months, it was startling that last week someone in the Garden unfurled a banner that read THANK HEAVEN FOR KEVIN. McHale played miserably in the Celtics' ignominious playoff exit, scoring a total of eight points in four fourth quarters against the Bucks. He spent much of last season criticizing Fitch for sowing discord among the Celtics, though McHale wasn't completely blameless himself in this regard. "Kevin has an irreverent bent that can be refreshing," says one Celtic observer. "He simply wasn't going to become one of Bill's robots. Then again, he's always the last guy on the bus. It's funny once or

twice, but after 50 games you get tired of it." Then, when McHale's agent, John Sandquist, began soliciting offers of free-agent millions from the spendthrift New York Knicks, *The Boston Globe* ran a cartoon depicting McHale as a pug wallowing in a sty of dollar bills. The caption read, "The Real McHale."

From there, his contract talks degenerated into a public bloodletting. McHale spoke with bitter candor about their progress, as did Celtic President Red Auerbach. Nothing sullied McHale's image more than a claim in April by Harry Mangurian, then the Boston owner, that he and McHale actually had shaken hands on a figure a month earlier. McHale insists they hadn't settled on

continued

anything. For a while it appeared that McHale, who's from Bob Dylan's hometown of Hibbing, Minn., was singing *I Shall Be Released*—and the Celtics were just as determinedly crooning *You Ain't Goin' Nowhere* despite a Globe poll in June revealing that 72.1% of Boston fans hoped he would bug out. Suddenly it didn't seem to matter that McHale is as good as they come in filling the quintessentially Celtic role of sixth man.

In fact, McHale is hardly the porcine ingrate depicted in the Globe cartoon. He's a generous, overgrown kid who would be happy just hunting and fishing. "A tough agent is what Kevin needs, because of the way Kevin is," says Phil Saunders, a college teammate at the University of Minnesota who's now an assistant to Gopher Coach Jim Dutcher. "Kevin's so easygoing, you could probably talk him into letting you drive off with his truck."

Hibbing is located in the Mesabi Iron Range, an area of northern Minnesota whose time has passed. When life was good, Iron Rangers like Paul McHale, Kevin's dad who recently retired after 42½ years with U.S. Steel, would load ore into the railroad cars that trundled out of the open pits, bound for the steel mills of Pittsburgh and Detroit. Even when the raw ore gave out after World War II, the Rangers unearthed vast amounts of iron-bearing taconite rock and employed a process for separating ore from the worthless tailings, as wheat from chaff. There's plenty of taconite left in the ground around Hibbing, but as the domestic steel industry has fallen on hard times, so has the town.

Overburden is what miners call the topsoil you have to burrow through to get at taconite. You needn't clear much overburden to get at McHale. His parents keep a wall of their home covered with his trophies; dominating it is a mounted 11½-pound walleye pike. "It's his most important trophy," says his mother, Josephine.

McHale, 26, even looks like he just

wandered out of adolescence. His mien is boyish, and so is his all-elbows-and-kneecaps build. "When he came to school here he was just a long-legged, gangly kid," says Saunders. "He was barrel-chested, but knock-kneed. He looked like Herman Munster. Neither of his parents is tall [his dad is 5'10", his mom 5'6"]. Maybe they put him together in a back room."

More likely, he was The Thing That Came in from the Cold. Like every boy in Hibbing, McHale grew up playing hockey, which is to Minnesota what football is to Texas. "In the ninth grade I was just average at every sport I tried," he says. "I was always so awkward, I could never get



McHale is unstoppable when he takes his turnaround jump shot.

anything flowing in the same direction. But by sophomore year basketball was all I wanted to do because I became more and more successful at it. It was a snowball effect."

Hibbing High Coach Gary Addington, who is 6'1", helped McHale develop by hitting him one-on-one, with McHale barred from the lane and the loser obliged to buy milkshakes. In his senior

season, when Hibbing reached the state finals, the Bluejackets had six other players 6'6" or taller, freeing McHale, even then 6'10", to play the high post. "I could have gotten into a run, scoring 30 points a game with my back to the basket," he says. "But Gary forced me to learn the whole game." (Hibbing High has produced one other NBA player, Dick Garmaker, an all-star guard with the Lakers and Knicks during the '50s. The wind sprints at Hibbing practices are still called Garmakers. "I've always associated the guy with a lot of pain," McHale says.)

Minnesota signed him to one of three scholarships they were permitted during an NCAA probation resulting from recruiting violations. A month into his freshman season he began starting at forward, alongside Center Mychal Thompson, now a Portland Trail Blazer forward. The Gophers went 24-3.

McHale averaged 15.2 points and 8.5 rebounds per game over his college career, leading Minnesota to the NIT finals as a senior. He became the Celtics' first pick and the third choice overall in the draft. When asked how it felt, he said, "Where else would a six-ten, white, Irish Catholic kid want to play?"

McHale immediately became Boston's sixth man, following in a regal line that began with Frank Ramsey and has included John Havlicek and Paul Silas. Like his predecessors, he can run and has a knack for producing in the fourth quarter. He's also durable—he hasn't missed a game in his pro career. And the Celtics have never had a sixth man so

big. When he enters a game—usually late in the first quarter, for Maxwell—he'll join Bird and Center Robert Parish on a front line that goes 6'10", 6'9½", and 7'½", respectively. Inevitably, McHale finds himself shooting his unblockable, turnaround fadeaway jumper over the smaller forward obliged to guard him. "If they can guard Robert, they can't guard Kevin," Jones says. "And if they can

continued

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guard Kevin, they can't guard Robert."

McHale is at odds with Fitch from the start. During the summer of 1980, before his rookie season, when talks with the Celtics bogged down, McHale looked into the possibility of playing in Italy. "Let him eat spaghetti," Fitch said. Then, last season, Fitch made another remark, one that he claims was taken out of context: McHale, Fitch said, "would starve if he had to play center in this league." There's some truth to that: without Parish alongside him, McHale's effectiveness drops off. But McHale, who is as sensitive as he is competitive, was hurt.

"Bill's a great coach," McHale says. "We won a championship [in 1980-81] with him. But after a 30-point loss he'd show us a tape with nothing but low-lights, and 12 guys would be sinking down in their seats. Watching too much tape is like watching too much TV. It may be the Billy Martin syndrome. You get a coach who's a winner but very volatile, and after a while somebody on the team is going to get turned out. Either you've got to get new players or get a new boss."

Like some other Celtics, McHale was incredulous of Fitch's suspicious nature. Once Fitch dispatched an assistant to the top row of Houston's Summit Arena to roost an unidentified observer from a Celtic shootaround. He regularly banned out of town writers from practices for fear they would pilfer his plays. But unlike most of his teammates, McHale would talk to outsiders about Fitch's behavior. "Yeah," he told a Philadelphia columnist who'd been forced to wait an hour in a frigid lobby outside a Celtic practice. "We've only been running the same plays for 15 years." Says Parish, "Kevin is a man who speaks his mind, and he's a young man."

McHale isn't uncoachable, but he likes to flirt with the limits of authority. He and Bobby Knight, his coach in the 1979 Pan Am Games, got along well enough that they went fishing together when they returned to the states from Puerto Rico. Yet when former Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor, Knight's Pan Am assistant, supervised a brutal drill, McHale bought breathers by asking, "How'd Havlicek do this drill?" and "How'd [Jerry] Lucas do it?" Taylor thought he was seriously inquiring about members of Taylor's old NCAA championship team. McHale tells that story the way a schoolboy gloats about hoodwinking a substitute teacher.

But McHale insists he has matured.

"Last year was a sobering experience," he says. "The whole thing with the contract and fatherhood [his wife, Lynn, gave birth to a daughter, Kristyn, during the playoffs] forced me to grow up a lot. Life isn't all fun and games. And the media can put a lot of pressure on you."

So can a coach. But under Jones, only McHale's blocked shots total has suffered. "I'm using him a lot more at forward than at center," says Jones, who may change his mind as the season progresses and Parish feels the brunt of playing an average of 37.4 minutes a game. "He's not going to block as many playing way out on the floor." Yet McHale is getting more chances to go to town offensively. Against Detroit several weeks ago, working mostly on 6' 8" Cliff Livingston, McHale scored 19 of his 29 points in the fourth quarter. He calls such mismatches the "torture chamber."

McHale has been known to get on the case of such diverse luminaries as L.A.'s Magic Johnson, teammate Danny Ainge and the well-traveled Marvin (Bad News) Barnes, an occasional rival in off-season pickup games. Barnes likes to call his

jumper "ice cream" because it's so smooth. But when he fires a brick, McHale screams "frozen yogurt."

None of this Hibbing-style ribbing will stop, even if Boston Garden becomes a more literal torture chamber. "If I do have a slump, people are just going to have to accept that I'm still giving it my all every night," McHale says. "I haven't done anything different this season. I go out and work hard, but if something's funny, I'm going to laugh. I don't think there's any one model attitude on the basketball court." In fact, when Parish walked out of training camp this fall, demanding a contract renegotiation because he didn't think as the starting center he should make \$350,000 less than his backup, he took some of the heat off McHale. And the way he's playing, McHale could take the rest of the Garden heat off himself.

Meanwhile, from Flight 133, the Garden was becoming a benign speck on the horizon. Up in seat 2D, Parish's eyes had shut and his jaw had gone slack.

"Ah," McHale said. "I see Mr. Parish is ready for a little paper."

END



Josephine and Paul are as proud of Kevin as he is of his mounted 11½-pound walleye pike.

The King Bee is buzzing slowly this morning. Glass of water in hand, size 15s padding ever so softly over the carpet in his canal-front Fort Lauderdale home, a hung-over Bob Baumhower, the All-AFC nose tackle for the playoff-bound Miami Dolphins, looks at his parrot, Ralph, for consolation.

"Hi, Bob," says Ralph.

"Hi, Ralph," says Bob.

The phone rings.

"I'll get it," says Ralph.

Baumhower answers it himself, slugging water for his dry mouth as he reaches for the receiver.

It had been one of those nights. First there were a couple of beers after practice. Then there was an autograph-signing session at a Miami sporting-goods store. Quarterback Dan Marino was

there representing the Dolphin offense and Baumhower was there representing the defense—the Killer Bees.

Four hundred people showed up early—kids, teen-age girls, adults. And the crowd continued to grow. When there were a thousand people, the store owners got worried and locked the doors. More fans arrived. They roamed the parking lot and pressed against the shop windows.

Let Us Tell You About A Bird And A Bee

Bob Baumhower, noted nose tackle and parrot fancier, puts real sting in the Dolphins' Killer Bee defense

by RICK TELANDER



"The owners counted more than 1,400 people," said a worried Tom D'Amico, the promoter who had arranged the event. Marino, perhaps the first genuine heartthrob in Dolphin history, signed for more than an hour and then escaped in a flash. Baumhower, 6' 5", 265 pounds, was left to fight his way alone to his car. Children clung to his arms and legs. People tried to climb in with him. "Amaz-

ing," Baumhower said as he stared through his windshield at the mob.

After that, there was a Jimmy Buffett concert in downtown Miami. Baumhower sat backstage with his buddy Bob Monica, one of the Dolphins' equipment men, and watched Buffett sing about tequila and sailing and paradise. After the show, Buffett and Baumhower sipped rum in Buffett's dressing room and chat-

ted about boats and the good life on the waters off South Florida.

Then Baumhower went to Roland's, a swank Fort Lauderdale bar, for stone crabs. Owner Roland Breton set up "green shooters" and everyone toasted Baumhower and the Dolphins and anything else that came to mind. "My man here is the mayor of Fort Lauderdale," said Monica, gesturing at Baumhower's broad back. "The Minister of Tourism."

Baumhower doesn't go out on the town much these days, but when he does he carries a reputation from days past, when he and Linebacker A.J. Duhe were the Cruise Brothers of Broward County, royalty in any beach bar they chose. But Duhe got married in 1980, and the brotherhood cooled a bit. "We did it all for a while, but I don't know, man, I got tired of it, you know what I mean?" Duhe recently told a Miami writer.

Baumhower wearied of it, too. "A.J. and I came in together as rookies in 1977—he was drafted in the first round and I was drafted in the second—and everything was so new to us," he says. "We lived in a three-bedroom suite at the Town & Country Motel in Fort Lauderdale, had maid service, partied a lot, the whole nine yards."

Though still a bachelor at 28, and sur-
continued



Baumhower's parrot, Ralph, volunteers to answer the phone and speaks Spanish, too.

rounded by married teammates, Baumhower is in no hurry to settle down completely. He's still got a restless heart, and he'd prefer keeping things light as long as possible. A girl friend, dance instructor Colleen Suchonic, 19, got the drift right away. "The first time I went to his house," she says, "he said to me, 'I want you to meet my friend Ralph.' I was expecting a man, but here comes this little

two men bought it in January 1982 for \$85,000 when it was rotting and ready to sink and fixed it up themselves. It now has a replacement value of \$1.5 million. Gerber's brother-in-law, Jon Scofield, serves as first mate, living aboard and keeping the boat ready for trips across the Gulf Stream to Bimini and other islands in the Bahamas.

Baumhower continues to study the

print. In the center of it a ragged black man, a Bahamian fisherman, lies helplessly on the rolling deck of a battered boat in rough seas. In the distance are a tall ship and a waterspout, but it's unclear whether either of them is approaching or leaving. Gape-mouthed sharks are a menacing presence in the foreground. Death or rescue is imminent for the fisherman.

"See that," Baumhower says, pointing to the lower left corner of the print. "Most people don't see that. There's blood in the water." Indeed there is. The fisherman may live, but others have surely died. You become sensitive to such details when you play nose tackle. If you aren't careful, if you don't take care of yourself—even if you're the best—the sharks will get you.

What a position nose tackle is. If somebody burned your house, stole your wife and shot your dog, you might want to put him there. A center beats on the nose tackle on every play, with help from one guard and often both. Tackles trap you. Fullbacks, followed closely by halfbacks, bore into you. Your own linebackers and ends step on top of you. Waves of bodies plow you under, submarine, chop and leg-whip you into human flotsam in an attempt to clear out the middle.

And all the while you're only trying to remain approximately where you started, so your pals can make easy tackles. Bad news. Nose tackle nicely fits Milton's vision of hell, a noisy, awesome place he called "Chaos," where "peace and rest can never dwell."

"Nose tackle's a lot like being center stage," Bufett suggested after his concert. "On stage you're always dodging things from the dark. A while ago a four-inch steel bolt just missed my head. I got a letter after that, and in it this guy wrote, 'I threw the bolt, but I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to hit you, I was trying to hit your guitar.' Things like that."

When Baumhower came to Miami in 1977 after earning All-SEC honors at Alabama as a defensive tackle, one of the first people who offered him advice was

continued



The 6' 5" Baumhower keeps the 65-foot Nauti Dolphin just as shipshape as his body.

green bird walking down the hallway."

The phone conversation completed, Baumhower moves gingerly into the living room, where a framed reproduction of Winslow Homer's *The Gulf Stream* hangs on the wall. The print was given to him by Eddie Gerber, a Florida oil man who in the past few years had become Baumhower's fishing buddy, confidant and close friend. (Tragically, Gerber was to die of a heart attack a few days later, on Dec. 2, at age 50.) Gerber was half owner with Baumhower of the Nauti Dolphin, the boat that is tied up behind Baumhower's house. And what a boat it is—a 65-foot, 47-ton, mahogany-hulled, teak-decked beauty with fighting chairs in the stern and staterooms below. The





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Two turtle doves



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Manny Fernandez, the Dolphin nose tackle who was about to retire. Fernandez had sat out the previous season with knee and shoulder injuries. "Playing nose was my downfall," he told Baumhower. "It could be yours, too."

Baumhower said nothing. There was nothing he could say: Don Shula had coached Baumhower in the Senior Bowl and had drafted him specifically as a nose tackle for the Dolphins' 3-4 defense. And before Baumhower even arrived in camp, the Dolphins' incumbent nose tackle, Randy Crowder, was busted along with Don Reese for selling cocaine. Nose was Baumhower's position, for better or worse.

"At first I hated it," says Baumhower. "But a lot of that was because the center and two guards I was practicing against were Jim Langer, Bob Kuechenberg and Larry Little, three All-Pros, maybe the best trio ever. They bounced me around like a pinball. But I learned a lot, and that made playing other teams easier."

But there were some things nobody could prepare him for. Against St. Louis in 1978, Cardinal Center Tom Banks would back up and, as Baumhower charged forward, guards Terry Steve and Bob Young would hit him high and low from the sides, spinning him like a baton. Then in a 1979 playoff game against Pittsburgh, Baumhower met Steeler Center Mike Webster for the first time. "He ran up to the line and said, 'Hi, Bob, have a good game today,' and then he knocked me five yards downfield," says Baumhower. "I was just starting to feel confident and he took me to school."

Nobody takes Baumhower to school these days. "We know he'll do his job," says Duhe, "and that gives us the confidence to play our own game and not worry about anything else."

"He holds the whole middle together," says Defensive End Doug Betters. "I get 'garbage' sacks because of him, because he chases people into my arms."

Baumhower has played in three of the last four Pro Bowls, and he has established a number of Dolphin team records, for tackles by linemen and the like. But his stats aren't important. What's meaningful is that Miami's team defense is always on top. Players come and go, Killer Bees fall by the wayside, and the D is still tough. Assistant Head Coach-Defense Bill Arnsparger, who after the season will leave to become the head coach

at LSU, deserves a lot of the credit, but so does Baumhower.

Shula admits as much. "I've always likened football to baseball, in that you have to be strong down the middle," he says. "Bob is just solid in the middle, and he's always there."

Indeed he is. He has had surgery on his left knee and both elbows, but he hasn't missed a game since coming to the Dolphins. Last summer Miami owner Joe Robbie signed Baumhower to a four-year contract with a face value of approximately \$515,000 per annum. Counting various perks and sweeteners, the contract is actually worth a good deal more than that. "When it was signed, without a doubt it made Bob the highest-paid lineman in the NFL," says his agent, Howard Slusher.

Robbie, who isn't a profligate man, made the deal for a couple of reasons. First, he didn't want to lose stars to the USFL the way he had lost Larry Csonka, Jim Kick and Paul Warfield to the WFL in 1975, and Baumhower was being wooed by the USFL Jacksonville Bulls. Second, Robbie wanted to re-sign Shula. And insiders said Shula wouldn't sign unless several key players, Baumhower among them, were safely in the Dolphins' fold. With his team intact, Shula recently signed a three-year contract for \$2.6 million.

The big money hasn't changed Baumhower, a man who dislikes fancy clothes and who'll drive a good distance to get the cheapest gas for his 1976 Mercedes-Benz 450SEL. All it has done is give him more freedom to do what he wants off the field.

"I talked with Manny Fernandez recently and he said, 'Remember what I told you six years ago,'" says Baumhower. "And I do think about getting hurt now. I don't worry about it, but I know it'll happen. I'm trying to make the most of the time I have left in football. But what I work for is that." He gestures at his TV screen, which is playing a videotape he made of some recent trips on the Nauti Dolphin. The blues of the sea and sky are enticingly serene. Miami

Linebacker Kim Bokamper holds up a kingfish and moves it toward the camera until its mouth envelops the screen. Some of the skipper's guests stand in knee-deep translucent water off deserted beaches, talking quietly. The calm is so far from what Baumhower does for a living that it seems unreal.

But nothing is really safe, of course. While snorkeling in the Bahamas not long ago, Baumhower was approached by a curious shark. He tried to push the fish away with his spear, but the spear



Baumhower leaves no place to run, no place to hide.

dropped from his hand and fell 20 feet to the bottom. "The shark wasn't a big one, and it swam away after a while," says Baumhower. "But I was helpless and just scared to death."

The thought seems to evoke perspective. "I don't want to sound like I'm crying about playing nose tackle," he says. "I'm so thankful for the way my career has gone. But there are some things that make the job hard. All the offensive linemen tailoring their jerseys real tight so you can't grab them, for instance. And hanging plates from the backs of their shoulder pads, so you can't get a grip on them, either. And tight ends coming in motion to get you. And the chop block.

continued

which is still legal on running plays.

"But my adrenaline gets pumping so hard in games that I barely feel blows that normally would cause pain. I look at the center, but I don't even see him. It's a sacrificial position, and I know that. But we play a real team defense here, and we don't let our egos get in the way I take pride in that."

Physically, Baumhower is both ideal and unusual for a nose tackle. He's mobile, strong and exceedingly fit—his resting pulse is 47 and his body fat-level of 7.9% is the lowest of any Dolphin lineman. But at 6' 5" he is one of the tallest nose tackles in the NFL. Squatness generally is considered an advantage at the position, for the simple reason that it's harder to move a boulder than an upright log. But Baumhower gets around this because he has the legs of a sumo wrestler. "He's the only guy on the team whose knee socks can't stretch past his calves," says Linebacker Bob Brudzinski. "His low center of gravity helps him keep low and keep people from cutting him," says Shula. "If he had normal legs and a big upper body, he'd never play nose."

Emotionally, Baumhower seems out of sync with his job. A nose tackle should be a twitching psychopath with the glare and warmth of Mr. T. Baumhower, though, is calm, courteous, friendly with strangers and always ready to laugh out loud. "Sometimes in a game it's hard to keep your temper," he says. But it's hard to imagine Baumhower losing his.

"He's a very intelligent, aware player," says Shula. He also seems too even-keeled to get into a fight. And he's so softhearted that he sometimes refers to Ralph, his parrot, and Captain, his dog, as "my kids."

Baumhower is known for never bad-mouthing an opponent and for reacting with decorum after getting a sack, forms of dignity that manifest the "calm confidence" he says he needs to play well. He doesn't understand players like the Jets' Mark Gastineau, whose ludicrous sack dance is the epitome of egocentricity in football today. "I think Mark just wants people to like him," says Baumhower.

The oldest of Bob and Patricia Baumhower's five children, young Bob grew up in good spirits in Michigan and Florida. "He was a great kid—easygoing, friendly and sensitive," says Patricia. "And his teachers always liked him." The family moved around a lot—Baum-

hower's dad, who's now a regional sales director for a hydro-filter company in Tuscaloosa, Ala., was always getting transferred—and because of that, young Bob seldom played organized sports. "I didn't have any heroes when I was growing up, except maybe Elvis," he says. "I wasn't into sports at all. Like that autograph session the other night—I never would have been one of the kids there."



Baumhower and Monica are tight friends.

He didn't play football until his junior year at Palm Beach Gardens High in Palm Beach, Fla., and he went out for the team only because "somebody told me it would be a good way to make friends." That same year his dad decided he could use some toughening up and talked him into wrestling a 450-pound bear at a local boat show. Baumhower tried to take the bear down low, and the animal knocked him across the ring. He then went high, and for a triumphant moment held the bear in a hammerlock. An instant later the bear was sitting on top of Baumhower, licking him with its long, stinking tongue. It was a show of force that Baumhower cannot forget.

At Alabama, Baumhower made the starting defensive unit during spring

practice of his freshman year. But he came back the next fall in terrible shape, and Bear Bryant, a man who also was familiar with wrestling bears, demoted him to fifth string. Baumhower quit in a rage. Bryant called him into his office and ripped into him as nobody ever had. He told Baumhower that he was lazy and wasting his talents.

"I had my speech all prepared," recalls Baumhower, "but Coach Bryant just made me feel like a toad. He was right—I'd never put my heart into football. I was just doing it for fun. He changed everything for me, made me want to be as good as I could be. I came back, worked my way up, and from the fourth game on I was a starter." Baumhower learned much from the two bears in his life.

The Dolphins have just whipped the Cincinnati Bengals 38-14 at the Orange Bowl in a recent Monday-night game. Baumhower has showered, dressed and headed to a parking lot where several Dolphins and their families are tailgating. Brudzinski is there with his wife, Susan. Last December when Baumhower piled most of the Miami team on the *Nauti Dolphin* and piloted the craft in Fort Lauderdale's annual Christmas Boat Parade, Brudzinski dressed up as Santa Claus and perched on the bow, where he was illuminated by spotlights. He waved to the kids on shore, and everything was fine until safeties Lyle and Glenn Blackwood, the notorious Bruise Brothers, a subdivision of the Killer Bees, mugged him. The kids looked on in horror. "Don't beat up Santa," they screamed.

Baumhower asks Brudzinski if he'd like to go out on the boat the next day. Brudzinski says he'd love to, but first he has to go to the Dolphins' practice site for treatment on a hip pointer.

"I feel good," says Baumhower.

But what is good? He played an outstanding game, several times fending off 288-pound Bengal Center Dave Rimington to tackle 272-pound Fullback Pete Johnson. But as he signs autographs now, his hands start cramping.

Baumhower was impressed with Rimington. "You know how I look at guys I play against and don't see them?" he says. "Well, tonight at the end I looked at his eyes, and he really looked young. And he is big."

Baumhower smiles faintly. The sharks are out there, but they haven't hit yet. **AND**



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There's nothing quite like trapping a few muskrats before breakfast. Roll out of bed, get into the old pickup, put the waders on, tromp over those sweet, fragrant meadows of dawn (pause) and dew, slog through the crick to find out if there's anything in the traps. . . .

"Look at this one," says the trapper. "Got him by three toenails. Another 20 minutes and he'd have been gone. Look at that coat. Isn't he a beauty?"

Well, beauty is in the eye of the trapper, and in this instance the trapper is Mike Boddicker of the Baltimore Orioles and Norway, Iowa. Having bagged the White Sox and Phillies in October as Baltimore swept to the American League pennant and the world championship, Boddicker is spending the off-season at home going after smaller game and loving every minute of it. In his scheme of things, family is first, baseball second and sports afield a real close third.

Boddicker loves to trap and loves to talk trapping; he gets just as excited about fooling a 60-pound beaver as fooling Mike Schmidt. Come to think of it, trapping and pitching both require cunning, daring and an ability to work your way out of the muck. But on this particular morning, Boddicker is tired. "I've got to give up either trapping or banquets," he says, and the way he says "banquets" leaves no doubt as to what his choice would be. Two nights earlier, at the Hanford Legion Post 5 in Cedar Rapids, White Sox Coach Jim Leyland had told the crowd at a dinner honoring Boddicker, "It's nice when you get such a big frog out of such a little pond."

Boddicker was the toast of America af-



In Boddicker's hometown, the best kind of Christmas tree is good Norwegian wood.



He Has Returned To His Roots

After a superb rookie summer in Baltimore, Mike Boddicker has gone home to "the baseball capital of the world" by **STEVE WULF**

ter his unexpected performance last season. The righthander started the year in the minors, at Rochester, but finished with a 16-8 record in the majors and an ERA of 2.77, second best in the American League. In the Championship Series he shut out Chicago 4-0 on five hits, striking out 14 to tie the major league playoff record, and in the World Series he three-hit Philadelphia 4-1. Both wins followed Series-opening losses by the Orioles.

People wielding notebooks, cameras and microphones became enchanted with tales of Boddicker's hometown and the grain elevator where he had worked in the off-season. There were a few notes of condescension in this latter-day *Song of Norway*—oddly enough, Baltimore Catcher Rick Dempsey's father, George, appeared on Broadway in the original *Song of Norway*—but there was a nice lilt to it.

It's nice to be reminded that there are still hometowns in this world, places that people can go back to. Norway is as good a hometown as anybody has ever had, and it has had as much to do with Boddicker's success as his famous fastball. Yeah, yeah, it's a cliché, but home is where the heart is, and this guy's heart is with trapping and hunting and the people he grew up with. Yeah, yeah, it's a cliché, but just the other day, Boddicker, wearing a baseball cap advertising Simplicity lawn mowers, walked over to his mother's house for a slice of apple pie.

Ninety minutes after the second game of the World Series had ended, Boddicker was still shacking questions, and one of the last ones was, "How does it feel coming from nowhere?" To which Boddicker replied, "No, that's Norway, Iowa, not Nowhere, Iowa."

Norway (pop. 633) is about 14 miles,

as the pheasant flies, west southwest of Cedar Rapids. Just take U.S. 30 west out of Cedar Rapids for about 12 miles, turn left at the pink farmhouse onto 201, and you'll be there in no time.

Norway is in Grant Wood country—in fact, Wood hailed from Anamosa, 35 miles away—and the town is surrounded by billowing hills and sprawling farms. Iowa is more than corn. It's American Gothic, Herbert Hoover, Radar O'Reilly, wrestling, Bob Feller, *The Music Man* and corn.

Norway itself isn't much in the way of a metropolis. As Boddicker describes it, "No stoplights, no sheriff, no crime." The streets have no signs, and the houses have no numbers, but since everybody knows where everybody lives, who needs them? There's Main Street, which is not to be confused with Railroad Street, which looks like the main street to people who drive through on 201. The Chicago and North Western rumbles through town 25 to 30 times a day, occasionally stopping to pick up grain from Jerry Pollock's elevators and rattling the glasses in Norway's three taverns.

Three bars might seem a lot for a town of 633, but the total is down from seven. Pete's Corral is the one with the great pork sandwiches and Ladies Night on Friday. Rich's Roost has beautiful pine paneling and a sign that says WE ACCEPT OUT-OF-TOWN CZECHS and Linda's Bar and Restaurant has Polish sausage on the bar. All of them have a pool table.

Norway also has two grain elevators, one garage, two gas stations, Bev's Ceramics, a barbershop, a sign shop, a meat-packer, a bank, a veterinary office, an insurance agency, a Foodland, a telephone company office and a public library. The local librarian isn't named Marian, although Marian Brownlie Den-

continued

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nis did write the town history.

The difference between Norway and all the other burghs you've known lies at the western edge of town. It's a baseball field. This diamond—and it does look like a jewel in an emerald setting—is sublime. There's an old, whitewashed grandstand behind home plate that almost invites you to sit down and watch the boys play—or to listen to stories about the boys who used to play here. This field has sprouted four major-leaguers, and may yet sprout more. "Norway," says Otis Tuttle, "is the baseball capital of the world."

Tuttle, 94 and class of '07 at Norway High, is the grandson of Osman Tuttle, a Norwegian emigrant who founded the town in 1863. He's also Norway's official baseball historian. "They've always had good teams here," he says. "I remember the town team back in '06 had a pretty good catcher named Prior, and he was the Methodist minister. Me, I could hit like Babe Ruth, but any woman could've fielded better."



Tuttle, 94, boasts that he could "hit like Babe Ruth."

The first local boy to make a name for himself in baseball was named Harold Trojovsky, until he changed it to Hal Trosky. They still talk about the home run the big Boheman supposedly hit clear over the railroad tracks, which have to be more than 600 feet from home plate. "We knew about Trosky when I

was growing up," says Boddicker. "I remember mowing the outfield grass, looking over at the tracks, and thinking about how hard he must have hit that ball."

Trosky was one of the most feared lefthanded batters in the American League in the '30s. In his rookie year with Cleveland, 1934, he hit .330 with 35 homers and 142 RBIs, and in '36 he batted .343 with 42 home runs, 162 runs batted in. Migraine headaches curtailed what could have been a Hall of Fame career.

Trosky, who died in 1979 and is buried in Norway, had a son, Hal Jr., who pitched briefly (1-0 in his two appearances) for the White Sox in 1958. The younger Trosky lived in Norway for only nine years, but he says he "gathered his instincts and enthusiasm for the game" there. He's an insurance man in Cedar Rapids now.

Fifteen years ago Jim Van Scoyoc came to Norway to teach industrial arts and coach baseball. He also married a local girl, Boddicker's sister Sheryl. Van Scoyoc has molded some outstanding players, including Max Elliott, a shortstop in the Padres' organization for a while, and Bruce Kamm, a scrappy catcher who became the third son of Norway to make it to the big show. Kamm was Mark Fidrych's personal receiver in 1976, Fidrych's amazing rookie year with the Tigers. "And I thought all those people were coming out to see me play," says Kimm, who was in and out of the majors from 1976 to '80 and was recently named the Cincinnati bullpen coach.

Older Norwegians like Kimm were heroes to younger ones like Boddicker. "They let us play with them," says Boddicker, "so we got better faster than we might have if we'd been by ourselves. To this day, I pitch just like Dick McVay [Norway Community High class of '68], same motion. We idolized those guys."

The local high school team was always among the best in the state, as was the town team. Norway High, with an enrollment of 140, has won 15 state titles in fall, spring and summer seasons, the most recent came this fall. But it might not be correct to say that Norway is a great baseball town because there's nothing else to do. If that were the case, Norway, which per capita must have more pool tables than any other place in the world,

continued



Boddicker and Van Scoyoc, his brother-in-law/ex-coach, at the home of champions.

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would be producing billiard aces by the bunch.

None of the major-leaguers Norway has helped produce has ever strayed too far from home when not playing. Trosky Sr. kept his house in Norway, and the Van Scoyocs now live in it. Trosky Jr. is in Cedar Rapids, and Kimm resides in nearby Amana and sells TVs in the off-season at the Montgomery Ward in Cedar Rapids. Boddicker also shows no signs of budging, even though his agent, Ron Shapiro, has suggested he live year-round in Baltimore to take advantage of business opportunities there. "You can't move a Boddicker if a Boddicker doesn't want to move," says Mike's wife, Lisa. For *The Music Man* Meredith Willson wrote a song called *Iowa Stubborn*. The Boddickers are Iowa stubborn.

Mike's ancestors were among Norway's original settlers, having emigrated from Westphalia, Germany and gone into farming just outside of town in 1861. Mike's father, Harold—or Bus, as he was commonly known—was second generation, and he worked what is known as a hammer mill; he'd go from farm to farm with the mill in a wagon and grind grain. But the times did away with that business, and Bus became the custodian at the elementary school.

Mike was the last of Bus and Dolly's five children. Bus died when Mike was 10, and Mike's sisters and brothers helped Dolly raise him. "I used to think my oldest sister, Karen [who's 19 years Mike's senior], was my aunt," says Mike. "I remember being really surprised when I found out. She spanked me enough."

Dolly is still very much the matriarch of the family, and she's the biggest baseball fan. She's crippled by arthritis, and watches the Cubs every opportunity she gets. "Ernie Banks was my alltime favorite," she says.

"What about me, Ma?" asks Mike, who has come over for his apple pie.

"Oh, you're all right," she says. "People are always asking me if there's anything wrong with Mike. I say, well, there is one thing. When he comes home he dresses like a bum. Look at him."

Mike isn't the first athlete in the family. Bus was a good local catcher. Richard (or Bunch), the elder of Mike's two broe-

thers, was a legendary slugger in Norway, and the University of Iowa, which is only 30 minutes away in Iowa City, offered him a scholarship. But Bunch turned it down, preferring to stay in Norway. He gets up at 3 a.m. each day to drive a Colonial bread truck. Mike's other brother, Robert, was a pretty good player, too, until he broke his clavicle. Now he's the human dynamo, teaching junior high, digging graves, mowing lawns, etc. Sheryl was a basketball player and a pretty fair pitcher in fast-pitch softball.

"When Mike was a little kid, the only thing he ever played with was his little ball," says Sheryl. "Never touched his guns or his little red wagon."

Van Scoyoc first saw Mike play when he was courting Sheryl, and five years later he was coaching his brother-in-law in high school. Van Scoyoc keeps voluminous statistics on his players, and Boddicker's were extraordinary. As a pitcher he was 76-13 in four years (1971-75), with an ERA of 0.64. He allowed 272 hits, 155 walks and six home runs in 617 innings, while striking out 1,122. As a hitter he batted .397 in 230 games, with 34 homers, 221 RBIs and 72 stolen bases. The Montreal Expos drafted Boddicker in 1975 but didn't offer enough money, and he enrolled at Iowa.

Boddicker also led the Cedar Rapids American Legion team to three regional titles and into three Legion World Series, in 1974, '75 and '76. His coach at the time was Ken Charipar, who later became his father-in-law. In Norway, baseball is the tie that binds whole families.

As a freshman at Iowa, Boddicker made All-Big Ten as a third baseman,



Boddicker loves taking muskrat rambles.

but after his sophomore year he decided to concentrate on pitching. A year later he began seeing Lisa. "It's funny the way they started dating," says Ken. "I ran into Mike at a game in Norway, and he asked me how Lisa was, and I said she'd just got finished with the dentist and wasn't feeling too well. That night he went and visited her, and pretty soon they were going out." Lisa, who at 5' 9" is nearly as tall as Mike, was quite a basketball player her-

continued



Boddicker and a flock of friends perch at Rob's Roost, one of Norway's three bars.

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self in high school. "She outplays me all the time," says Mike.

After his 1978 junior season at Iowa, Mike signed with the Orioles and progressed from college to Triple-A ball in just 15 weeks. He made it to Baltimore the first time in September 1980, but that trip, and two more in '81 and '82, ended with a return ticket to Rochester.

The first time Boddicker was called up, he and his new bride just appeared on Shapiro's doorstep, and the agent took them in. An Oriole player had recommended Shapiro to Boddicker in spring training and the two families became fast

whose forte is changing speeds with control as well as the Orioles. On the other hand, they have so many good pitchers, somebody has to be left behind. After a while Boddicker became tired of being that somebody.

His impatience came to a head in the spring of '82 after he and then-Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver disagreed about his role. "I became really frustrated," Boddicker says. "I finally went to Mr. Peters [Hank Peters, the Oriole general manager, whom Boddicker holds in high regard] and asked him to trade me if Baltimore didn't want to use me. He told me

to wait, that the Orioles would need me soon, although he added, 'If you really want a trade, we'll try to help you.' After spending most of '82 in Rochester, Boddicker pitched in seven games for Baltimore at the end of the year, and even though he was sent down at the end of '83 spring training, he continued to be confident.

The call for Boddicker came on May 5, after Jim Palmer was disabled, and 12 days later, in the second game of a doubleheader, he shut out the White Sox, the same team he would stifle in the playoffs. Boddicker remained in the rotation because, coincidentally, in the first game of that same doubleheader Mike Flanagan had hurt his knee.

Properly schooled in the Orioles' precepts of changing speeds and throwing strikes, Boddicker soon established himself as a formidable pitcher. One of his deliveries is the fohball, a combination forkball and "fish," the Orioles' slang for change-up. "What really helped me," says Boddicker, "is that I seemed to follow Scott McGregor in the rotation for most of the season. Just from charting his pitches in every start, I learned a lot."

The postseason showed just how much—and an important part of Norway was there to enjoy it. After the playoffs, an RV left Norway bound for Baltimore. In it were the Van Scoyocs, Karen, Butch

and Bob, and Lisa's parents. "I'm thinking, now don't embarrass us, Michael," says Sheryl, "and he's probably thinking that this is like pitching against Amana High."

Boddicker is a natural in many things. For the previous few winters he had worked for \$4.50 an hour at Pollock's grain elevators, doing a variety of jobs. He would be there again this winter if he had the time. Boddicker is no country bumpkin, but then, nobody else in Norway is, either. He's quickly becoming an accomplished banquet speaker, although he'd much rather be out in the fields with his chocolate Labrador puppy, Hershey (a gift from a Baltimore physician), or playing with his 8-month-old son, Corey.

"I just like being home," says Boddicker, who's picking up most of the \$3,000 cost of new dugouts over at the high school. "I like seeing my family every day, and at Christmas I like getting together to exchange gifts. When it snows, we like going over to each other's houses to play canasta or charades. Norway is a nice place to live."

Friday, Nov. 4, 1983 was proclaimed Mike Boddicker Day in Norway. No 76 trombones, no 110 cornets, no big parade. What they had for him was a cafeteria-style supper at American Legion Post 234, and 315 folks had the walls straining. The mayor, John Stoner, said Mike's was a Horatio Alger story. The White Sox' Leyland, in the area on a hunting trip, said, "Mike has it all: character, poise and talent. And a real pretty wife." At the end of the evening Boddicker was presented with a few gifts, and don't think the townspeople don't know the way to his heart. He received a gold-plated trap and a shotgun.

A few days later, in a steady rain, Boddicker was out in the fields behind Joe Schulte's farm looking for pheasants with a friend, Kevin Schulte, and Hershey—or Headhead, as Mike calls him. A cock pheasant was sitting very tight as Boddicker and Schulte walked by him, but Hershey, stumbling along behind, wandered near the bird and up it went.

In the time it takes for a fohball to reach the plate, Boddicker wheeled around, saw the bird was a male, waited a moment to see if Kevin wanted the shot and fired. The pheasant, clearly hit, dropped to the ground.

The look on Boddicker's face told you why he's here to stay.



A family that plays together: Hershey, Lisa, Corey, Mike.

friends. "Even though Mike hadn't batted in a game in more than a year, I knew he would hit well in the Series, because I've seen him hit in the batting cage behind my house," says Shapiro. "But he does so many things well. We once had a mouse problem in the house, and I told Mike about it. The next thing I know, he's caught the mice and he's showing them to me."

There are advantages and disadvantages to being a pitcher, especially a non-power one like Boddicker, in the Baltimore organization. On the one hand, few teams can teach or appreciate a pitcher



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DISCOVER
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by Alexander Wolff

Scoop! TAB BLACK MAN HAWKEYE MENTOR.

Who? George Raveling, ex-Westington State coach and sometime scribe.

What? Replaces Lute Olson, for nine years the revered head of hoops at Iowa.

When? Last April, after Olson stunned all by bolting for Arizona.

Where? The Hawkeye State, home to fans who phone players at 2 a.m. just to find out what the coach said in the time-out huddle.

Raveling never covered that story in his syndicated newspaper column. Others chronicled the range of emotions Iowans felt when Olson walked out on them with six years left on his contract: feelings of shock giving way to a sense of betrayal, then anger.

To be sure, Raveling has received a gracious welcome around the state, and Iowans love hearing his funny lines. But devotion to Olson, the man who took the Hawkeyes to the Final Four in 1980, was total. If *To Tell the Truth* had been taped in Ottumwa and God were on hand to stomp the panel, Olson and Iowa Football Coach Hayden Fry might have been tapped to fidget in their chairs and feign rising. "Lute was kind of magical," says Jim Rosborough, who was Olson's top assistant. "Raveling got a great reception when he came here, but I think a lot of it was anti-Lute backlash, sort of 'How could our white knight do this?' Lute had been a totally permeating thing. He was larger than life." Lapel buttons in Iowa are like wall posters in Peking, and within a few days they went from LUTE LUTE LUTE to LOOT LOOT LOOT to LET GEORGE DO IT.

Thus far, doing it hasn't been easy. Despite the fact that the nucleus of the team that went 21-10 and reached the Sweet 16 last spring was back, including Twin Towers 6' 11" Michael Payne and 6' 10" Greg Stokes, the Hawkeyes were 3-2 at week's end. Two road defeats—a 79-58 whiting in the heat of Louisville's indomitable press, and a 53-48 loss in

Raveling isn't unraveling

Iowa stumbled last week, but its new coach was keeping his cool

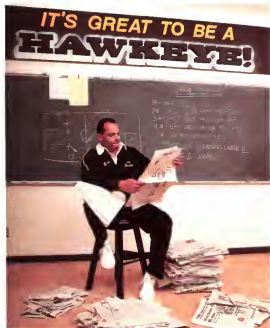
Corvallis to Oregon State and another former Iowa coach, Ralph Miller—dropped Iowa to the bottom spot in SI's Top 20. "I've said from Day One we shouldn't be ranked this early in the season," Raveling said after losing to the Beavers. "But no one listens to me."

Obviously, Raveling realized that the new offense and multiple defenses he brought to Iowa would take some getting used to. He has shuffled players around, moving senior Steve Carfino from point guard to "off" guard and letting sopho-

more Andre Banks run the attack. As a result, the team has occasionally looked disoriented. At one point against Louisville, Raveling yelled instructions to Carfino, who turned to listen—just as an inbound pass whizzed by his head and out of bounds.

But it's Raveling's informal manner that presents the sharpest contrast to his predecessor—and will be most likely to draw criticism. "I don't believe you have to have a military setting to win," he says. "The best discipline is self-discipline." He kept a promise not to look at film from last season, so as to give each player a fresh start. Every member of the team was required to come in for at least an hour-long one-on-one session, in which Raveling drew them out about their goals, in basketball and in life. Everyone periodically fills out a "How'm I doing?" questionnaire evaluating the coach and the program. Raveling even symbolically

continued



Raveling is an omnivorous reader of newspapers and a contributor to them as well.

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takes a seat in the middle of the bench during games.

Things were different under Olson, who distanced himself from his players and tried using the media to motivate them. "Sometimes I'd pick up the paper and read 'Stokes isn't intense enough' and crawl into my shell," says Stokes, who leads the team with 15.0 points and 10.6 rebounds a game. "Coach Raveling lets you know when you're not doing well, too—but in practice. I like that."

Still, something about Olson's style galvanized the state. "The image he portrayed wasn't a portrayal," says Rosborough. "That's the way he was." Raveling himself has called Olson "so square, if he received an invitation to a pot party, he'd bring Tupperware." And: "Lute's an all-American type, the kind of guy everyone wants to move next door. When I move in, FOR SALE signs start going up around the neighborhood."

To Raveling, race isn't a grave issue. He's as amused as anyone that a *Des Moines Register* editorial hailing his hiring inadvertently ran just above a filler item about a watermelon theft. "One of the most important things to learn is the ability to laugh at yourself and not take life too seriously," he says. "Thus far people in Iowa have accepted me strictly as a person." When he heard that 7-foot backup Center Brad Lohaus, an Arizonan, was considering following Olson to Tucson—and that Lohaus had heard scuttlebutt that the new coach might favor Payne and Stokes for racial reasons—Raveling stepped in and sold him on staying. "I spent a summer of misery trying to make up my mind," says Lohaus, called Q-Tip since having his blond hair permed. "But his reputation with big men swayed me."

Raveling has written two books on rebounding and was quite a player himself. Sent from his home in Washington, D.C. to a Catholic boarding school near Scranton, Pa. after his father died and his mother suffered a nervous breakdown, he earned a scholarship to Villanova and All-America honors there in 1960 as a 6'5" forward. A short time later he joined Villanova Coach Jack Kraft as an assistant, setting up the "Underground Railroad" that brought black stars like Howard Porter, Johnny Jones and Sammy Sims to Villanova from the Deep South.

He read a lot of newspapers to keep up on high school prospects, and he still gets

up at 5:30 each morning to plow through some of the 150 publications he subscribes to. "Back then there were no sophisticated scouting services," he says. "I'd go to this out-of-town newsstand in Philly and sometimes meet with Coach either in Manhattan or Philadelphia, whichever was convenient. We'd go through the papers till 2 or 3 a.m." "Coach" was Indiana's Bobby Knight, a friend of Raveling's and then an assistant at Army. (Knight has chosen Raveling to be his assistant with next summer's Olympic team.)

By the early '70s Raveling had a nationwide reputation as a top recruiter and had joined Lefty Driesell at Maryland. There he conceived the notorious *WE WANT YOU* ad in *The Washington Post*, in which Uncle Sam appealed to the five high school All-Americans in the D.C. area to stay at home and play for the Terps. Only one of them did. But usually recruiting came easily for Raveling: It was social, and required salesmanship and street sense. "You establish who's making the decision and don't waste time with people on the periphery," he says. "Eight out of 10 times it's the mother." But the flip side—that he could charm but not coach—followed him when he took the Washington State job in 1973. He still thinks the recruiter tag is a backhanded compliment with racial implications. "I started to overcoach," he says, "just to prove to people that I could do the job."

Al McGuire calls Pullman the place where "elephants go to die." But during Raveling's 11 seasons there, he learned how to bring the home crowd to life by gesturing with his arms. He screened the movie *Patton* in the locker room before one game and dunked in the warmup line before another. He had run his record to 167-136 by last March and taken the Cougars to a surprise berth in the NCAA tournament, when Iowa Athletic Director Bump Elliott phoned him in Albuquerque. Olson had just walked out on a \$57,500 salary, a summer camp, a TV show, a \$200,000 home, an interest in an Iowa City bar and a brand-new \$17.5 million arena built expressly to keep him from leaving. Did Raveling want the job?

He flew to Denver to meet with Elliott. "We agreed to agree," says Raveling. "But then, on the plane back to Albuquerque, I thought, something's wrong. If this job's so good, why would Lute leave it?"

continued

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BLINK!

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BEEP! BLINK! ▶

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◀ BLINK! BLINK!

Camera shake. Flick on "auto pop-up flash." Or firmly support camera. (Shot missed.)

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He now has an idea. "Can you be you coaching here?" Raveling says. "Or do you have to be someone else? To survive you almost have to isolate yourself from people, and I can't do that. I'm a people person. Maybe I'll burn myself out."

Rosborough says Olson wanted to escape the expectations of a state in which better than 50% of the population watches games on TV and a person has to give \$2,500 to the athletic department just to be eligible to buy a season ticket. Olson's wife, Bobbi, once called the program her husband created "a monster." Olson has said the press was unduly "negative." His parting radio call-in show, done long distance from Tucson, included a half-hour tirade against the *Register*.

Raveling is already anticipating heat but still chalks in the same goal—HAVE FUN—at the top of the blackboard each day before practice. "It doesn't make any difference to me whether the fans accept that or not," he says. "We're foolish to live up to others' expectations. If we live up to our own, somewhere along the line



Behind this door sits more than a coach.

we'll satisfy theirs." And the press can fire away at will. "We're going to learn to accept any criticism that comes," he said Saturday after the loss at Oregon State. "I don't expect them to write good things about us if we lose."

Of course, Raveling can hardly get down on the media. He is a member of it. Aside from juggling the same array of TV

and radio shows that Olson did, Raveling writes a column on basketball for *NBA Today* and another mishmash of sports tidbits carried weekly by 10 Iowa newspapers. He started the column in Washington, culling items from his own well-connected network of sources and from the papers he reads. When Raveling was the first "reporter" to print the news that John Wooden would retire after the 1975 season, UCLA Athletic Director J.D. Morgan arranged for Raveling to be officially censured by the Pac-8. Unchastened, two weeks later Raveling disclosed that Gene Bartow would replace Wooden. Both scoops were correct.

"And I never got any apologies for the censure," says Raveling the journalist, who knows that every story should address the five Ws—who, what, when, where and why. So far this one has answered only the first four.

So, why did the Hawkeyes hire a black basketball coach?

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THE WEEK

(Dec. 5-11)

by ROGER JACKSON

EAST The much-awaited matchup of freshmen Dwayne (Pearl) Washington of Syracuse and Kenny Smith of North Carolina, "two of the best guards to come out of New York City in the last 20 years," according to Syracuse Assistant Coach Brendan Malone, turned out to be a mismatch. Smith scored 11 points, making all five of his field-goal attempts, and had nine assists in the Tar Heels' 87-64 romp. Washington hit just three of 11 shots from the field and two of five free throws for eight points, and his five assists were negated by five turnovers.

"I really don't think it was a fair comparison," said Smith afterward. "With Sam [Perkins], Matt [Doherty] and Brad [Daugherty] they really play so well. He [Washington] doesn't have those people up front." Nor does Pearl have a Michael Jordan to team with in the backcourt. Jordan's 19 points paced a balanced Carolina attack. Perkins and Doherty each got 16 points, while Daugherty scored 12

points and grabbed a game-high 10 rebounds.

North Carolina State planned to celebrate its return to Reynolds Coliseum after 15 consecutive road games (and a 14-1 record dating to March 5) by first unfurling its 1974 championship banner, and then its brand-new, 1983 edition high in the rafters. But when the pregame ceremonies began, the 1974 banner wouldn't drop. Wolfpack Coach Jim Valvano might have considered the glitch an omen, but after N.C. State routed Western Carolina 82-61, Catamount Coach Steve Cottrell knew what really happened. "Maybe they unfurled it when they were trying to unfurl the banner," he said. Forward Lorenzo Charles had 27 points and 14 rebounds against Western, then added 23 points and 10 rebounds in an 82-56 victory over Hofstra. In that game Spud Webb, the 5' 7" guard who had 49 dunks in two years at Midland (Texas) J.C., brought the crowd to its feet with his first two jams of the year.

Wake Forest struggled to beat Davidson 62-51, but the Deacons were devastating in a 72-46 rout of Appalachian State. Wake raced to a 16-0 lead and held the Mountaineers scoreless for the game's first 7:22. "It was one of those nights when you have to sit back and watch," said Mountaineers' Coach Kevin

Cinwell. Maryland eased past Penn State 67-58 in Hershey, Pa., then shot 66.6% from the floor in a 78-67 defeat of Duquesne. Boston College breezed to a pair of easy victories 88-71 over Division II Puget Sound and 90-59 over Brown.

WEST New Mexico Guard Phil Smith may have been the shortest player on the floor (5' 10"), but he was the big man in the Lobos' 65-60 upset of UCLA, the Bruins' 17th loss in 288 games at Pauley Pavilion. Smith scored a game-high 18 points, had five assists and seven rebounds. It was his driving layup with two minutes to play that put the Lobos ahead to stay, 57-56. "I never would have believed I'd be standing in Pauley Pavilion crying," said New Mexico Coach Gary Colson.

Even if he isn't best known for his humor, Indiana Coach Bobby Knight can poke fun at himself. When someone asked Knight why his Hoosiers had trekked all the way to El Paso to face UTEP, Knight explained, "One night someone got [Minor Coach Don] Haskins in a bar and started giving him trouble about his schedule. Haskins said, 'Yeah, but I know one s.o.b. who's dumb enough to play me at my place, and I'll call him in the morning.' And

continued



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the next morning he called me," The Miners knocked off the Hoosiers 65-61, as Forward Fred Reynolds scored 14 of his 20 points in the second half, including six consecutive free throws in the last two minutes, which gave UTEP the victory.

Wichita State took a 67-66 overtime loss at Pepperdine, then got outbounded 38-25 in a 75-60 blowout at Oregon. "All we wanted to do was match them on the boards," said Oregon Coach Don Monson, who got a career-high 30 points and six rebounds from 7-foot junior Blair Rasmussen.

Though three key men didn't play or, perhaps, because of them, Oregon State upset Iowa 53-48 to avenge the Beavers' 56-45 loss in Iowa City two weeks ago. "We had trouble against our scout team's press all week," said OSU freshman Forward Rick Berry. "That press was tougher than Iowa's." Leading the scout team were—you guessed it—Guard Darryl Flowers and forwards A.C. Green and Tyrone Miller, the three players sitting out six games for selling complimentary game tickets. "Those guys were really tough on us in practice," Berry said. The Beavers, in turn, were tougher on the Hawkeyes. Berry and sophomores Darrin Houston and Steve Woodside combined to score 36 points for Oregon State.

Jordan rose to the occasion for Carolina.



SI TOP 20

1. NORTH CAROLINA (5-0)	1*
2. KENTUCKY (3-0)	2
3. HOUSTON (5-1)	3
4. DEPAUL (5-0)	15
5. GEORGETOWN (5-1)	5
6. LSU (4-1)	6
7. LOUISVILLE (2-2)	12
8. MARYLAND (4-1)	13
9. MEMPHIS STATE (4-1)	4
10. BOSTON COLL. (5-0)	10
11. MICHIGAN STATE (3-1)	11
12. UTEP (5-0)	15
13. UCLA (3-1)	7
14. WAKE FOREST (5-0)	17
15. OREGON STATE (2-1)	19
16. VCU (4-0)	18
17. N.C. STATE (7-1)	20
18. ARKANSAS (5-2)	14
19. PURDUE (6-0)	—
20. IOWA (3-2)	9

*Last week

MIDWEST To prepare for Louisville's swarming full-court press, Iowa's first-team offense practiced with seven defenders on the court. Even so, said Hawkeye Center Greg Stokes, "Louisville made us forget where we were. Their defense played like more than seven guys." While puzzling Iowa 79-58, the Cardinals made 13 steals and forced 22 turnovers, creating one layup after another for guards Lancaster Gordon, Milt Wagner and Jeff Hall, who combined for 50 points and 10 assists.

Kentucky's 72-50 rout of Kansas was the most lopsided loss ever by a Jayhawk team to a Wildcat team in Lawrence, Kentucky, which entered the game shooting a woeful 40.2% from the field, fattened up its percentage by sinking 29 of 45 (64.4%) against Kansas. "They are the best [college] team I've ever seen," said Jayhawk Coach Larry Brown. Melvin Turpin made 11 of 16 shots from the floor and scored a game-high 25 points, while Jim Master added 23 points on 10-of-13 shooting from the field.

"Seldom do you see a home team shoot only one free throw," said Memphis State Coach Dana Kirk after the Tigers were upset 50-49 by Mississippi State. Seldom? The lone free throw, by Andre Turner, completed a three-point play that gave Memphis State its only lead, 47-46 with 5:18 to play. The visitors, meanwhile, sank 18 of 20 from the line, including two by Kelvin Hildreth with 12 seconds left that sealed the victory.

Arkansas played its best defensive game of the season in overwhelming East Tennessee State 79-50, but the Razorbacks lost sophomore Point Guard Willie Cuts, who was dismissed from the team by Coach Eddie Sutton. With 8:43 to play in the first half, Sutton

yanked Cuts from the game after he missed a 20-foot jumper that Sutton felt he shouldn't have taken. When Cuts refused to sit next to Sutton on the bench and headed for another seat, the coach grabbed Cuts's jersey. Cuts pulled free, left the floor, dressed and exited Bunkie Arena. Afterward, Sutton announced: "Willie Cuts will never play another game at the University of Arkansas."

Without Cuts and Forward Leroy Sutton, who broke a bone in his right hand in practice the day after Cuts's dismissal, the Hogs whipped Southwest Missouri State 56-41 but were defeated 67-54 at Nebraska.

MIDEAST With 13:16 to play and a 52-50 lead over LSU, the Cougars' Akeem Abdul Olajuwon was on the bench with four fouls. Forward Michael Young whispered to teammate Reid Gettys during a time-out. "Give me the ball." Whereupon Gettys saw to just that, and Young scored 13 of his game-high 25 points to spark a 100-91 victory over the Tigers. Houston was surprisingly dandy from the line—obviously benefiting from a lesson in the art given by ex-Houston Rocket Calvin Murphy, the second-best foul shooter in NBA history, a few days earlier. The Cougars made 34 of 45 free throws, including 23 of 26 by Gettys and Alvin Franklin.

DePaul got a pair of foul shots from Guard Jerry McMillan with just 22 seconds to play to upend Georgetown 63-61 in Chicago's Horizon. The Blue Demons, who converted just 13 of 28 from the line, rallied from a 38-28 halftime deficit. "Our free-throw shooting was atrocious," said Coach Ray Meyer. "I thought I'd die." The Blue Demons

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

KARL (Malman) MALONE, The sophomore center scored 35 points, made 34 of 52 shots from the floor and had 27 rebounds at Louisiana Tech best Centenary, Northwestern (La.) State and Kent State.

survived by committing just three second-half turnovers against the Hoyas' full-court press.

"That we had three turnovers is a tribute to Kenny Patterson," said Meyer. "He held the team together." Patterson and sophomore Tony Jackson led the Blue Demons with 15 points apiece.

Virginia Commonwealth had to bounce back from a 30-24 halftime deficit to hold off William & Mary 41-38 but whipped rival Richmond 59-45. The Rams sank 25 of 32 free throws against the Spiders, including a nine-for-nine performance by Calvin Duncan. Purdue got 15 points and seven rebounds from James Bullock in a 77-65 defeat of Boston U., then pounded Tampa 106-50. The 56-point margin of victory was the Boiler-makers' biggest since 1910.



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Seagram's

by **Herm Weiskopf**

It was no surprise that free agent Dave Parker (right) bolted the Pirates for a two-year, \$1.6 million contract with the Reds. What was surprising was Parker himself. When he showed up at baseball's winter meetings in Nashville last week, he was clean-shaven for the first time in years, having removed his beard volun-

"The commissioner's office is stronger than it's been in years now that the Player Relations Committee and the promotion corporation are under him," says Oakland President Ray Eisenhardt, co-chairman of baseball's restructuring committee. "It's up to the new commissioner to lead, not follow, the owners. We have to get behind him."

tarily. That was symbolic of Parker's joining the game's most conservative outfit, one that in recent years has been long on short hair and short on the long drives it hopes he'll provide.

"They'll have no problems with me," said Parker, who had had more than his share of controversy in Pittsburgh. As for the red carnation in his lapel, the Cincinnati-born Parker said, "It's to show my jubilation about coming home."

While Parker spoke at a press conference, President Bob Howsam beamed. For Howsam, signing the cleanup hitting rightfielder was an affirmation of his willingness to loosen the team's double-knotted purse strings and relax its starchy image. Said Howsam, "Dave's more mature, and I've become more realistic."

Twins owner Calvin Griffith wants to move his team to Tampa, but other baseball executives have nixed the idea. They've also decided that relocating any franchise is out of the question, mainly because of the lawsuits such moves would provoke.

In Nashville the owners accepted the recommendation of the Long-Range Planning Committee that strong consideration be given to expanding to 32

teams. Although no timetable was suggested, nor any specific locales, fans in at least a dozen cities had their hopes raised for acquiring a major league franchise. The best bet is that two teams will be added to the AL as early as '85 or '86, giving the league 16 teams and simplifying scheduling. The NL would also go to 16, adding two members at a time and completing its expansion by '92.

Though getting Mike Easler from the Pirates gave the Red Sox a much-needed lefthand-hitting DH-first baseman, the price—Pitcher John Tudor—was high. Tudor was Boston's biggest winner the last two seasons (13-10 and 13-12). He was also one of only five AL lefties who pitched 200 or more innings in 1983 and gave up less than a hit an inning. With a shift in home parks from Fenway to Three Rivers, Tudor should be an even bigger winner. However, he must become more aggressive about pitching inside to righthanders now that he won't have to worry about Fenway's Green Monster. Easler, meanwhile, must adjust to the unfamiliar DH role and prove he can consistently hit lefthanders.

Near the end of the Cubs' 1983 highlights film is a shot of a homer by rookie First Baseman Carmelo Martinez, with Announcer Harry Caray shouting, "Carmelo Martinez, mellow Carmelo." Indeed, some felt that expression would be heard often in years to come. It may be, but not by Chicago fans. Martinez, 23, was one of three players the Cubs traded to the Padres. In exchange, Chicago got



A newcomer with a fresh-faced approach.

Scott Sanderson (6-7, 4.65 ERA), whom San Diego had just obtained from Montreal to set up this triangular trade.

Los Angeles also dealt away a pitcher of promise. In a deal with the Mets for Utility Man Bob Bailor and lefthanded Hawaiian Reliever Carlos Diaz, the Dodgers gave up lefthanded Hawaiian Sid Fernandez. L.A. needed a utility man and, with Steve Howe's career possibly ended because of drug use, had to strengthen the bullpen.

The Dodgers rarely err in evaluating talent, and there are indications that they may be right again, even though they surrendered the pitcher with the most dazzling strikeout record of any minor-leaguer in recent years: 560 whiffs in 403½ innings. But Fernandez, as of now, has three strikes against himself. Strike One: He's an immature 21-year-old who dropped out of winter ball recently because he was homesick. Strike Two: He's always packed a lot of weight on his 6' 1"

continued

BALL PARK FIGURES

Here, in order, are the cities most likely to get expansion franchises, with the size and status of stadiums built or planned:

1. Denver	55,000	Built
2. Vancouver	55,000	Built
3. St. Petersburg or Tampa	43,000	1986
4. Phoenix	46,000	No date
5. Washington	None planned	
6. Miami	45,000	Built
	None planned	

frame and now is a hefty 240 pounds. Strike Three: His erratic control has gotten even worse, and he's gone from an average of 4.7 walks per nine innings in '82 to a 5.6 in '83.

Yogi Berra is still owner George Steinbrenner's choice to replace Billy Martin as manager of the Yankees. Steinbrenner's reluctance to comment publicly on the matter in Nashville was believed to be related to the state of Martin's health.

Novel in Nashville were the half a dozen White Sox officials who broke off conversations in midsentence, said "Gotta go" and then scurried off. Explanation: They were responding to walkie-talkie messages coming through earplugs. The messages they received couldn't be overheard, and they could stay in constant contact to summon one another for trade talks, advice—or lunch.

Former Yankee Third Baseman Bobby Brown (1946–52 and 1954, .279 career average) was elected to succeed Lee MacPhail as AL president, commencing Jan. 1. There's one hitch. Brown, 59, is a cardiologist in Texas and has obligations to his patients that will prevent him from assuming the job until perhaps July 1. In the interim, his chief aide, Bob Fishel, executive vice-president of the league, will handle most of the work.

"This looks like a very irrational act by a rational man," Brown said. "I've been in practice 26 years in a tough specialty. You deal with the worst types of catastrophic medical emergencies. I reached the point in my life where I had to decide how much longer I could effectively do this. For me to continue into my 60s was

unrealistic. I wanted to make a change."

As a "baseball purist," Brown is not fond of the designated hitter rule, though he said diplomatically, "That doesn't mean I'm advocating a disenfranchisement of the designated hitter." He takes office at a propitious time. A joint American League–National League committee is to recommend a DH rule for both leagues. If the NL owners and the new AL president have their way, the DH era could be over after the 1985 season.

One of the best things about a gathering of baseball men is the old stories that are swapped. Here are two of the best heard in Nashville:

● Executive Vice-President Buzze Bavasi of the Angels recalled a long bargaining session he had at the 1952 winter meetings with John Quinn of the Boston Braves. "John came to the suite about 6 p.m. and said he wanted to trade for Andy Pafko," said Bavasi, who at the time was the general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers. "I told him it would take \$150,000 and two players. We talked and talked. His last offer was \$150,000 and Roy Hartsfield. About 1:30, I went into the bedroom and put on my pajamas. John came in and started undressing. 'What're you doing?' I asked. 'I'm getting in bed with you until I get Pafko,' John said. I told him, 'You've got him.'"

● "I guess I can tell this now that the player is out of the game," said former Pittsburgh General Manager Joe L. Brown. "It was in the ninth inning of the seventh game of the '79 World Series, we were ahead 3–1 and had the bases loaded. Bill Robinson [of the Pirates] tried to get out of the way of an inside pitch. Tony Bartolome, the trainer, ran out. Bill

TRADER OF THE WEEK

JOHN McHALE: In a three-way deal that sent Scott Sanderson (6–7, 4.65 ERA) to Chicago, the Montreal president obtained left-handed reliever Gary Lucas (2.87 ERA, 17 saves) from San Diego.

whispered to him, 'It didn't hit me.' Tony said, 'The hell it didn't' and dug a fingernail into Bill's finger until he cut it. Then Tony showed the mark to the umpire [Jerry Neudecker], who sent Bill to first and forced in a run." Pittsburgh went on to "nail" down that 4–1 triumph.

Commissioner Bowie Kuhn said it was "the old warhorse" in him that prompted him to sidetrack his own plans and agree to a second and final extension of his term, until March 1, 1984. In a sense, he was again victimized. "I'm not frustrated," said Kuhn, who appeared more at ease than at any time during his 15 years on the job. "I probably chuckle a little bit over the whole process, for reasons you can probably figure out."

As for what he'll do when he finally steps down, Kuhn said there "is still a candle in the window" at the New York law firm where he worked before becoming commissioner. He has also stated that it's possible "in the near term" that he'd be involved in the ownership of a baseball team.

Meanwhile, the search for a new commissioner goes on. One of the two leading candidates to surface last week, White House Chief of Staff James Baker, no longer seemed interested. The other, Peter Ueberroth, the head of the LAOOC, hinted he'd be available only after the Olympic Games end in August.

END

BASEBALL'S MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING

Some of the most important people at the Opryland Hotel in Nashville last week were the hotel lobbymen, the folks who spend hours chatting about for someone to trade with, swap info with or merely chew the fat with.

"It all starts right here in the lobby," said Director of Player Personnel Gene March of the Angels. March is the most graceful of all lobbymen, shifting almost dance-like from foot to foot. "That's how you move within range of conversations you want to pick up," he explained. "You also have to know when to talk to people. Some are a.m. guys. Some are p.m. guys. Study how people blink. You can tell if they're telling the truth or lying by how they blink. As a lobbyman,

when you stop getting butterflies you know it's time to get out of the game."

"Establishing your territory is the most important thing," said Royals General Manager John Schuerholz as he stood next to a 14-foot Christmas tree made of 400 tiered pom-poms. "If you're always in the same place, people know where to find you. This is my spot."

"Learn to scan the whole lobby by moving only your eyes, never your head," said White Sox Scout Jerry Krause.

"You must have good balance," said Cedric Tallis, veteran baseball executive and now managing director of the Tampa Bay group

that's after a major league team. "Your look must be not lascivious, but eager."

"Stamina is essential," said Bob Fontaine, the director of player personnel and scouting for the Giants. "I don't have it this year because I came here with a case of the tourists. So I have a new rule: If you must scout in South America, do it after the meetings."

"The first thing that goes on a lobbyman is his knees, so always stand on the carpet, never on the tile or brick," said Peter Bavasi, a former baseball official who is a consultant for a St. Petersburg group in its quest for a franchise. "Lobbymen need an association, a pension plan, special Mirado shoes, a wing in the Hall of Fame."

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Rousing echoes of U!S!A!

by E.M. Swift

It was like '80 all over again as the U.S. Olympic team beat the Soviets 5-4



Briefly, sweetly, the U.S. Olympic ice hockey team turned back the hands of time last Friday night with a rollicking, spine-tingling 5-4 victory over the Soviets in Lake Placid. "It was a storybook game," Defenseman Chris Chelios said afterward. The whole evening was reminiscent of that fairy-tale night in 1980 when the U.S. beat the U.S.S.R. 4-3 in the same arena, but for very different stakes. The accoutrements were identical—the day of the week, the weather, the patriotism and, finally, the pandemonium when Chelios and Captain Phil Verchota teamed up on the game-winning goal with 1:18 left in a contest that seemed to have slipped away.

Forget the stakes, which were nil, for a moment. Forget that this was not the Soviet Olympic team that will play in Sarajevo, but the Selects, a group of talented second-stringers. Forget that there were still five games left in a six-city tour. (The Soviets evened the series Sunday night with a 6-1 win over the U.S. in Bloomington, Minn.) Friday's was a game to put

out of perspective, and if the 1984 Olympic hockey team (SI, Dec. 12) never wins another, it had at least given the 9,110 fans in attendance, the millions more watching on television and the players themselves, a glorious flashback to the way things had been four years before. "It was almost like you were there," said Forward Steve Griffith, who assisted on the first U.S. goal.

The hero, in storybook fashion, was the 26-year-old Verchota, the only U.S. player left from the 1980 team after John Harrington was sidelined Dec. 1 with a broken wrist. Verchota, called the Old Man by his teammates, thunderously answered the question of who was going to provide the 1984 team with its on-ice leadership by scoring both the first and last U.S. goals, killing penalties and generally elevating the team's level of play with his poise under pressure. And don't think that because this was an "exhibition" there wasn't pressure. The hoopla leading up to this so-called rematch with the Soviets was akin to what the U.S. team will face in Sarajevo.

Coach Lou Vairo tried hard to keep the game low key for his players, fearful that they might emotionally peak two months before their first Olympic game. He saw the series as an opportunity both to evaluate his players and to prepare them for the high level of competition at Sarajevo. "The Russian Selects are going to be as good as any team we'll see in the Olympics except for the Russians themselves," Vairo said. "They're probably one of the top six teams in the world, and it's going to give us a chance to see what kind of condition we're in and how our goalies will react when the puck starts being passed around like crazy and the shots start flying. I'm an optimist. I'm going to tell my guys what Custer said before the Battle of the Little Bighorn: 'Don't take any prisoners, men.'"

The young U.S. players were having none of this low-key stuff, however. How could they? The entire town was going bonkers before their eyes as game time neared. Across the street from the U.S. Olympic Training Center, where both the Soviet and U.S. teams were staying, a highlight film of the 1980 game was playing over and over again in a store window. Horns honked, American flags were peddled and kids with red-white-and-blue-painted faces chanted, "U!S!A! U!S!A!"

Inside the arena, the din grew ever louder. "I didn't start getting nervous until I got out there," said Forward David A. Jensen, 18, who played last season at a small private school in Massachusetts. "I'm used to playing in front of about 30 people. I never did stop shaling the whole game."

Surprisingly, the nervousness of the U.S. players didn't manifest itself in sloppy play, in part because of the stabilizing influence of Verchota. The Selects took a 1-0 lead into the first intermission, but the U.S. showed that it was as fast and as disciplined as the competition, fore-checking aggressively and carrying its share of the play. Verchota tied things up

continued



With the puck on the heel of his stick, Verchota gets ready to fire the winning shot.

Sports Illustrated 1984 SWIMSUIT CALENDAR

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early in the second period off a beautiful centering pass from Gary Sampson. Then the teams traded goals, and the score was 2-2 going into the third.

So it remained, the tension mounting, the pace picking up, for more than 14 minutes of the final period. Then, suddenly, the game exploded. Scott Bjurgstad put the U.S. ahead for the first time when he picked up his own rebound and backhanded it over fallen Soviet Goalie Aleksandr Tyzhnykh, who had trouble staying on his feet all night. Just 29 seconds later Tyzhnykh was on his back again, and Chelios nudged in a loose puck to give the U.S. a 4-2 lead with only 5:09 remaining Pandemonium.

But the Soviets, as the U.S. soon learned, don't quit. Goalie Marc Behrend allowed a low-angle shot to beat him 48 seconds later, changing the momentum, and at 18:21 the game was tied 4-4 when U.S.S.R. Captain Mikhail Varnakov was allowed to whack away at a rebound unimpeded. "To tell the truth, I looked up at the scoreboard, saw it was 4-3 and sort of drifted off," confessed Forward Ed Olczyk, who was on the ice when the tying goal was scored. "How couldn't you? The fans were chanting, 'U.S.A! U.S.A!' waving flags around. I had seen that 1980 tape of Al Michaels counting down the minutes so many times. It was like I was living a dream."

That dream was fast becoming a nightmare. Vairo put out Verchota's line for the ensuing face-off, and Chelios yelled to the Old Man to watch for a long pass. In the 3½ minutes it had taken the Soviets to tie the game, Chelios had noticed that the U.S.S.R. defensemen were pinching in much more aggressively. Verchota had seen it, too. When Chelios got the puck, Verchota took off up the right wing, and Chelios hit him in full stride at the moment he was crossing the blue line. It was a clean breakaway, and Verchota converted with a low shot just inside the post on Tyzhnykh's stick side. More pandemonium, this time for keeps.

"To let in two goals at the end like that and then have your team get you another shows a lot of heart," Behrend said afterward. "Let's keep this in perspective. We didn't win a gold medal tonight. But it's nice to beat [the Soviets] in Lake Placid. It's good for everybody, not just our team, but everyone in the country. It's nice to beat the Soviet Union. You don't do it that often."

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His nickname was Red, although his children loved it when his buddies called him Strong Man. For 20 years he worked the swing shift for Republic Steel in Warren, Ohio. He also had a truck. He hauled coal, cut firewood, took on moving jobs. He built his own house on a flat, weedy parcel of land near the old Super 45 Drive-in theater, a block outside the city limits. Three of his boys, grade school kids, helped—pouring concrete, nailing up plasterboard, throwing debris on the truck. He said, "If you work, you eat," and he worked so hard that no one knew if his real appetite was for food or labor.

He liked to fish and hunt, but he didn't have much time for that, not with eight children to feed. He was a strict father, but his kids loved the way he laughed when he told stories. Their jaws would drop when he recounted how his hair had once hung down his neck like Cab Calloway's, so long that he finally had to cut it, and how it had never grown back. He told scary stories, too, tales of hunting in the woods in the dark, and one called *Whipping Snake*, which made his boys leery of walking too close to the shadows at night.

He could neither read nor write. To get his driver's license, he had to pass an oral examination. The schooling of his children became an obsession with him. He worked extra hours so he could buy them books, art supplies, musical instruments, whatever they needed to expand their minds. His dream was that his children would one day go to college. To that end, he made rules, set limits. His kids were not to go places alone; they had to do everything together. He cleared the field between his house and the road and dug a drainage ditch around it. Other children could come there and play, but his weren't permitted to stray beyond that ditch. And they obeyed. Even if he didn't go, his children went to church every Sunday with their mother, because he told them to, and he was a very, very strong man.



IT'S A FAMILY



Gathered for a reunion with Mother Julia last Independence Day: (clockwise from lower left) Ross, Keith, Jimmie, Gerald, Joey and Willard.

Until the summer, when he started having trouble with his digestion. It got better for a while, and then it got worse. Finally, something started cutting off his breath. Suddenly he couldn't work the way he had before, a frightening omen. He went to the hospital for tests—St. Joseph's Hospital, where all his children had been born—and the doctors saw something on his X rays. They took Red to surgery and opened him up, and there it was, an "acorn" behind his lung. Pancreatic cancer, said the doctors. "Sun cancer" his wife called it. He lived nine months longer, the flesh melting from his body. Eventually the man who was called Strong Man, who had weighed 210 pounds, had shriveled to little more than 100. "I feel stronger every day," he insisted, and for a long time his family believed him. They couldn't imagine him losing a battle.

He died in the summer of 1976, and there was a deathbed scene. The oldest son, a tall, powerful young man, then a junior at Notre Dame, was present. "Take care of your mother, your sisters and brothers," his father told him. "I want to see everyone make it through college." And to make it stick, he said, "I built you strong. I know you're gonna do a good job. Don't ever let 'em down." The oldest boy assented. That night, his father died.

The funeral was memorable. Catholic priests attended, as did a Baptist minister and representatives of three or four other denominations. The football coach at Notre Dame brought assistants and members of his team as honorary pallbearers. It was an extraordinary tribute to a common laborer, someone who had never gotten his name in the papers and never made much money. Jimmie Lee Browner was 49 when he died, and his great achievement in life, what he had made, was a family.

continued

AFFAIR

There hasn't ever been a band of brothers in football like the Browners, a close-knit bunch in triumph as well as adversity

THE BROWNERS

continued

Has there ever been a football family to match the Browners? Of the six Browner brothers, three have reached the NFL—Ross and Jimmie Jr., both with the Cincinnati Bengals, and Joey, a rookie with the Minnesota Vikings. Two more are still in college, and they will likely become pros, too. Ross and Joey were first-round draft choices. Five of the brothers were high school All-Americans in football. The exception was Keith, a standout linebacker at Southern Cal the past three seasons, who didn't play football his senior year. He was All-State in basketball instead. The Browners have manned both sides of one of college football's greatest rivalries, sending three brothers, Ross, Jim and Willard, to Notre Dame and two, Joey and Keith, to USC. The Browner trophy room includes the Lombardi and Outland awards as well as plaques and medals representative of UPI, AP, *Sporting News* and *Playboy* All-America teams.

The Browners don't live in Warren

anymore, except for Jimmie Jr., who now works at city hall. Red's widow, Julia, lives near Atlanta in a house Ross bought six years ago, a spacious split-level tucked into a suburban pine forest. In the backyard is a large swimming pool with a big black B shimmering on the bottom. A Mercedes or two are often parked out back.

The Browners are never far from Warren, though, not in their minds. It's as if the field that their dad cleared next to the house, the field they grew up on, is replicated endlessly—both literally on football fields, and metaphorically. Seven years after his death, the Browner boys still try to live within boundaries set by Jimmie Sr.

"My father's main concern in life was that we stay together," says Ross, the eldest son. That concern is manifested now as a spiritual dictate, a covenant: *Look out for the family. Always the family.* Even now, with the boys all grown and scattered across the country, seniority

carries authority and major decisions usually are reached only after a family conference. "You can check our phone bill," says Julia. With their pooled savings, the brothers expect to found a family business someday. Browner, Inc., though they don't know yet what their product will be.

The Browner boys have always been their own best friends. Originally they stuck together for protection. They remember the Warren of their childhood as a rough place, a steel town with an East Side-West Side rivalry. There were "cousin feuds"—cousins who didn't get along because they lived on opposite ends of town. A bridge over the Mahoning River, which separates East from West, was the site of many a battle. "You had to fight your way home from school sometimes," says Ross. "There were hoodlums; they were tough."

The Browners, on the other hand, were not so tough. "They weren't big at all," says Julia. "Puny kids." Ross's first



Ross (left, in white) has been a starter for the Bengals since 1978; Keith (below, in red) has starred at Southern Cal for three seasons; Joey (right, No. 47) is a rookie safety for the Vikings.





tivism, a pride in all accomplishments, that made the boys hungry to please. Ross had a "drill sergeant" football coach at West Junior High, a man who practiced his boys till dark. "He put us through hell in the mud, drove us through grass drills," recalls Ross, "but we got a lot of praise, and I liked that." Ross also liked being called Big Moose and Moose Browner. By the end of ninth grade he was determined to become a football player.

The other boys responded to praise as well. They also seemed to have the self-discipline to turn weaknesses into strengths. Jimmie Jr. was quieter than Ross—he read a lot, played the guitar and liked to draw—but after getting roughed up by high school toughs he walked downtown to Cliff Kelly's karate school and signed up for lessons. Today he's a black belt and winner of several bouts as a

sport wasn't football but swimming, which he learned at the YMCA downtown. Years later he would win a boxing tournament among NFL heavyweights, but when he wanted to play football in seventh grade, his mother said no, he might get hurt. Other kids were out running the streets. Ross, Jimmie Jr. and Willard stayed home, fielding grounders hit to them by their mother.

Why they turned out to be good athletes is a mystery. Jimmie Sr. wasn't athletic—unless you count lifting cars by their bumpers as a branch of weightlifting—and he was too busy working to play much with his kids. But the Browners possessed a posi-

professional kick boxer.

Two of the brothers. Ross and Gerald, the "baby," ended up larger than life, the stuff of local legends. Those in between, Jimmie, Willard, Joey and Keith, made their way like soldiers, adding to the legend less spectacularly. Even today, it's convenient to approach the Browners from the two ends, the pressure points: Ross, the son who accepted responsibility for his younger brothers, and Gerald, the only Browner boy to enter adolescence without his dad.

They couldn't be less alike. Ross, 29, seems bent on making reality conform to his father's vision. One's first impression of him is not just of his physical strength, which is immense, but of someone radiating enthusiasm like a beacon. Ross, who stands 6' 3" and weighs 260 pounds, is a hearty man, smiling broadly, pumping hands, grabbing shoulders. He rarely lets down, as if he feels personally responsible for everyone's happiness. He's the same on the football field, shouting encouragement, clapping his hands. ex-

continued

THE BROWNERS

continued

horting his teammates. "He's one of those emotional, bigmouth guys that a team needs," says his Cincinnati teammate, Chris Collinsworth. "And I say that affectionately." One of the most highly regarded college linemen in history—he won both the Lombardi and Outland trophies as a defensive end at Notre Dame—Ross has fashioned a pro career with as many lows as highs. After painful losses, he doesn't scowl at reporters, doesn't rage at the impertinence of song-

was even greater than theirs. "Gerald likes to think that he's older than he is," says Ross. "He tends to visualize himself already there." Instead, Gerald has fallen behind. At 19, the age by which Ross and Jimmie Jr. were on their way to economics degrees at Notre Dame, Gerald has quit two high schools and three colleges and is struggling to prove himself at Northwest Mississippi Junior College.

The middle Browners, less flamboyant, seem to come in pairs. Jimmie Jr.,

struggle after being released by the Bengals in 1980. Willard, still hopeful of catching on with a USFL team, interviews the jobless in Atlanta, measuring their despair. "It tells you if you have a heart or don't have a heart," he says.

Joey, 23, and Keith, 21, are tall and lithe. Both are cool, reserved, almost detached in their manner. Joey broke the pattern of following in Ross's footsteps by going to USC. Keith followed a year later, and the two were roommates for three years. Keith, who was a reserve guard on the Trojan basketball team as a freshman, may have given up his best sport to play next to Joey, an All-America safety in 1982. Keith also allows that the catharsis of football attracted him. "I have a lot of things inside me that I can get out by hitting someone," he says. Joey and Keith have emulated Jimmie Jr. by training in martial arts. Both are brown belts. Keith is an amateur artist, finding self-expression in pencil drawings. "I used to lash out and yell at people when I was a kid," he says. "Joey taught me to calm down and relax."

What the four middle brothers have in common, besides their athletic accomplishments, is their acceptance of Ross's authority—and their concern about Gerald's development. Ross, of course, has been the pathfinder, the first and the best, the symbol of self-discipline and achievement. "He's the father-type image," says Willard. "He feels he has to watch out for all of us. He has the last word on everything, and that'll never change." According to his brothers, Ross dominates by force of personality—"He's very open," says Willard. "He ought to be a broadcaster." But mostly he rules because he was annoyed. "When my father died, Ross was the one he left in charge," says Joey.

As for Gerald, the brothers are united in their insistence that he'll one day live up to his promise, but they're equally united in their fear that something will go wrong. "If Gerald can't do it, nobody can," says Keith. Perhaps, but each Browner was concerned when Gerald left Grambling this summer, a decision on which they were not consulted. Like a Greek chorus, they always explain Gerald's struggles with the same line: "He didn't have his father like we did."

According to Julia, her husband was

continued



Once back in action after a four-game suspension for buying cocaine, Ross became his old jovial self.

birds. His response to adversity is stoic or Panglossian, according to your view.

Gerald, 10 years younger than Ross, is much heavier in every sense, a gargantuan manchild caught somehow in his own shadow. That shadow is immense. At 6' 4", 370 pounds, he dwarfs his older brothers. The athleticism trapped in his improbable and graceless-looking bulk seems more a torment than a satisfaction, as if he secretly agrees with the cruel children who used to call him Big Fatty before they discovered that he was quick-tempered and could outrun them. Gerald also carries the burden of his older brothers' success, the Browner legend, made worse by early notice that his potential

28, and Willard, 26, grew up in Ross's orbit. They followed him at Warren Western Reserve High and then to Notre Dame, where Jimmie played strong safety and Willard was a fullback. Jimmie and Willard are also joined by circumstance. They are the first Browners to tackle life after football. Jimmie is a purchasing officer for the city of Warren, and Willard is an interviewer for the unemployment division of the Georgia Department of Labor in Atlanta. They are the brothers with the strongest sense of life as their father knew it, life as survival. "I went from making \$35,000 a year to making \$35 a day sweeping an auto body shop in Atlanta," says Jimmie of his



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always persuasive. She met him on a visit to Manchester, Ga. in February 1953, when she was 17 and already the mother of a little girl, Olivia, born out of wedlock. She married Red a week later. "We didn't even know each other's name," she says. "He said he had seen me in his dreams and that I was gonna be his wife." They moved to Warren to live with her grandmother, who had raised Julia since Julia was five. Red caught on at Republic Steel, a sprawling mill on Warren's southeast side. Republic was a city in itself—sooty, noisy, a nest of rails, fences and material yards.

Ross was born the following March. Jimmie Jr. a year and a half later, then Willard, followed by Burdette, "spoiled by her Daddy," and so on down to Gerald in 1964—seven babies in 10 years. "I didn't think I'd make it," says Julia. "I thought, 'Oh, Lord, is that all I'm here for? To have all these babies?'" (Olivia, now 33, works as a hotel security officer in Detroit; Burdette, 25, is married and living in Stockton, Calif.)

Feeding those babies was a problem. Red worked hard, but every year or so strikes shut down Republic Steel. Julia grew vegetables in a backyard garden and cooked for the priests at St. Mary's and St. Pius churches. The priests encouraged her to take home the leftovers. "That's the reason the kids are so healthy—all that pasta," says Julia. The neighborhood, a melting pot of Italians, Greeks and blacks, Catholics and Bap-

tists, provided another kind of sustenance. If the Browner boys remember Warren as a battleground for juvenile thugs and hoodlums, Julia recalls it as a caring place where neighbors looked out for one another, where people visited the sick and took food to the hungry. Her friends were mostly Italian, and her children grew up with Catholics—"a strict life, where the priests would oversee you," she says. To earn extra money, Julia provided day care at her home for the children of other neighborhood mothers, refereeing disputes on the field and nursing hurt children. "The eternal mother," says one admirer with a laugh.

As the children got older, their mother seemed to grow younger, less burdened. Julia, 47, is a big woman with a good-sized laugh. "One of the wildest laughs you ever heard," says Ross. "When she laughs, everybody around her has to laugh." Julia also has an oversized sense of the opportunities afforded one in life. Between the births of Keith and Gerald, Julia returned to school and became an accredited Home Health Aide. "She was a motivator," says Ross, "our biggest cheerleader."

Other boys might have been embarrassed by so much maternal interest. The Browners were not, and still aren't. When

Ross turned 21, his mother sat him down in the kitchen, took out an ice cube, needle and thread, and pierced his left ear lobe. "She told me it was a sign I had reached manhood," he said later. Ross now owns about 40 earrings, including one set with a \$2,000 sapphire and one shaped like a cross, which he wore the day Pope John Paul I died. If the earrings symbolize manhood, so, too, do they symbolize Ross's admiration for his mother. "I want the woman I settle down with to have some of her qualities," he says.

Julia's boys came back to Atlanta last Fourth of July for a reunion, and it was



Since getting cut by Cincinnati, Jimmie Jr. has gotten his kicks from kick boxing and Patricia.



clear that her early doubts about motherhood are distant memories. "This one's the executive in our family, the brains," she said, forcing a guffaw from Jimmie Jr. Later, when a photographer asked Gerald to "look mean" for a picture, she said teasingly, "Oh, Gerald, are you mean?" She sat under the trees and took it all in: Ross basting ribs on the grill, Willard and his fiancée in bathing suits,

continued

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Ignored by the NFL after a checkered college career, Willard works in an unemployment office.

NOTRE DAME

continued

Gerald threatening to empty the pool with a belly flop, Jimmie Jr. washing a car in the driveway, Joey and Keith chatting under a basketball goal, the basketball an unused prop in Joey's big hands. Her images of her sons were rooted in childhood—Ross, "coming home all dirty and nasty, covered in mud"; Willard, "in all the puddles"; Keith, "so puny, all he wanted was peanut butter and jelly"—but she now saw six powerful men. "This is mine," she said proudly. "This is my product." But then, wistfully, she reflected on the changes made by the years. "They aren't headaches like they used to be," she said. "Now they're heartaches."

The family is convinced that Willard would have finished at Notre Dame if his daddy hadn't died shortly before Willard enrolled. "Willard loved Notre Dame," says Ross. "Three brothers on the same Notre Dame team. It had never been done before, it was tremendous." In 1976, Ross and Jimmie Jr., "Thunder and Lightning," led the defense, while Willard, a freshman, started at fullback. It was a Fighting Irish

legend-in-the-making. Before the Navy game, Julia was invited by Coach Dan Devine to be the first woman ever to eat at the Notre Dame training table. "I really felt like a queen," she said afterward.

But something had happened to Willard when his dad died, Jimmie Sr. had filled Willard's horizon. Their time together had been precious, a link to greater mysteries, an apprenticeship. Julia still shakes her head over it. "Go fishin', listenin' to those old tall tales, the old men lyin'," she says. "Lord, he believed any-



thing his daddy said." It was Willard who slept in Red's room when he first got sick and Willard who woke him up to give him his medicine three times a night. Willard's grief was greatest because he thought his father died from giving so much, and maybe that caused guilt, because Willard got so much. "He didn't have the book knowledge, but he had all the common sense in the world," Willard recalls. "He taught us how to survive."

Willard's grades faltered during his freshman year, and he was told he had to raise them at a junior college if he wanted to return. "It was really a bring-down to him," says Ross. "He was under a heavy burden." Willard fled. He enrolled at Tulane and, after sitting out a year to satisfy NCAA transfer rules, averaged 3.8 yards per carry in 1978 for the Green Wave. But he seemed to hold himself aloof—from his black teammates, who wanted him to join their side in a conflict with the football authorities, and from the program itself. The following fall, he transferred to Utah State, where he played his last two seasons.

That was it for Willard, however—no offers from the pros. "For me not to get drafted, even looked at..." For a moment, Willard's distress shows. But then he shrugs. "Always the assumptions," he says. "They look at me and say, 'Three schools—this kid must have a bad attitude.'" The Chicago Blitz of the USFL sent him a contract last winter—and then cut him before camp without even taking a look. Chicago says it may give him another shot next season.

Still in his athletic prime, Willard sits behind a desk at the unemployment office, reminding himself that he's better off than the people he interviews. "College was a protected world," he says. "I'm dealing with life and death here, not a couple of books and classes." He works hard, makes contacts and waits for his brothers to come out the other end of the football machine. He'll have a

continued

... but he still entertains hopes of latching on with a team in the USFL.



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place, he knows, in Browner, Inc. "As far as my playing sports is concerned, there's a wall right now," he says. "And I'm not gonna waste my life sayin', 'I gotta go through that wall.'"

Gerald was 12 when his father died. Ross became his guardian, and when Gerald got angry he'd run in a rage to Julia. "He's not my daddy!" he would cry. "Why do you let him tell me what to do!"

Telling Gerald what to do was never easy. When he was 14, he supplemented his weightlifting by picking up Volkswagens and turning them around on the street. Gerald's agility and speed belied his bulk: He ruled the lane in basketball but could jump and shoot, too. He pursued and overwhelmed running backs, dropping them in their tracks, a human avalanche.

But Gerald's classroom work never kept pace with his playing feats. "He took it lighter than football," says Ross. "We didn't have a father at home anymore, so the drive wasn't there with Gerald to do his studies." Ross nagged him: "Your mind's gonna last longer than your body. Even when you die it's tickin' five minutes longer." Gerald listened, Gerald nodded, but Gerald's mind was on foot-

ball glory. Says Ross, "He forgot about today because he was so busy thinking about tomorrow."

When Ross moved the family out of Warren in 1978, Gerald's alienation grew. The Browners were not well received at Atlanta's Southwest High. They were big-name carpetbaggers, presumed to be arrogant. Keith and Joey weathered the cold reception, but Gerald smoldered. "I wasn't used to being around a whole school of black students," he says. "It wasn't that I didn't like being with black students, but they would act all ignorant, jealous of me." Not getting along with students was bad enough; conflict with teachers was worse. One slapped Gerald his sophomore year for, according to Julia, "running his mouth."

Determined to provide Gerald with a different kind of academic environment, Ross enrolled him in the Woodward Academy, an expensive private school near the Atlanta airport. Outwardly, things seemed to improve. Gerald starred on the football team his junior year, and Woodward won the state AAA championship. Woodward might have done the same in 1981—Gerald was Atlanta player-of-the-week five straight weeks that season and was regarded as one of the top

five schoolboy linemen in the country—but then everything unraveled.

It would've taken a board of inquiry to sort out the charges and countercharges. His coach claimed that Gerald was skipping Monday workouts for college recruiting visits, that he wasn't a team player and that he was injuring his teammates in practice. "I would knock 'em out or something," Gerald concedes. The Browners countered that Gerald was being used, that the academy was covering up low grades that would render him ineligible for football at a major college. "They wanted him to play, but I didn't," says Ross. "That went against everything we believe in." For whatever reasons, Gerald shocked Atlanta high school football fans by quitting the team the week before the first round of the 1981 state playoffs. In quick order, Woodward lost the game, Gerald became a center of controversy and Ross and Julia angrily pulled him out of the school.

In 1982 Gerald graduated from Benjamin Mays High, but his problems pursued him to the University of Georgia. Lacking the 2.0 grade point average needed for varsity eligibility, Gerald was redshirted as a freshman. He withdrew in his second quarter and enrolled in Butler County Community College in El Dorado, Kans. He was back home within weeks. "He said it was too far from home," says Ross, "so I sent him to Grambling." Actually, Ross took Gerald on a cross-country trip, talking to various coaches, sometimes on campuses, sometimes in airports. He chose Grambling for Gerald because he thought Coach Eddie Robinson could provide the discipline Gerald so obviously needed. Gerald would have no scholarship, and he would have to skip football for a year, but he would be back on the road to his degree and to the pros.

Instead, Gerald reported too late for Grambling's 1983 summer session and ended up never attending a class. After working for seven weeks in Grambling, he returned to Atlanta. "I'm really sorry," Robinson said. "I think the boy has a lot of possibilities—if he can get his plans together."

This time, only his mother was in on Gerald's decision: He would go to Northwest Mississippi in Senatobia, near Memphis, where he could raise his grades in

continued



Last week in Mississippi, two advisors saw (not only Joey [left] and Keith but their likeness as well.



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hopes of getting another try at major college football. The decision troubled his brothers, who wanted Gerald to stick someplace, anywhere. They wondered if, for Gerald, the nurturing family hadn't taken on a flypaper aspect. "He knows if something goes wrong, that we're there to help out," says Willard. "That's not growing up. We are like a crutch."

But for Gerald, the move seemed right. On a hot day last August, he lay on a mattress in a dark, shabby dormitory room in Senatobia and sighed. Gambling had been no different from those other places, he said. He was resented because his name was Browner, and no one wanted him to succeed. Here in this little Mississippi town he would find himself; he would show people why he had been, in his words, "the No. 1 player in the country." He said he wanted "to be out of the spotlight for a while, and then come back to the spotlight again, but even stronger."

Back in Atlanta, Julia worried. "Gerald has it harder than the others," she said. "He takes everything to heart; he feels everything is on his shoulders." Nothing Ross did would ever fill the void in Gerald, would ever completely make up for the loss of his father. "Gerald still doesn't understand," she said sadly. "He still doesn't understand."

"Mom has prayed for me," said Ross the day after Gerald left for Northwest Mississippi. Ross was in Atlanta, not in Cincinnati with the Bengals, where he belonged. Two months earlier, at the trial of a Cincinnati drug dealer, Ross had testified, under immunity, that he had bought, on at least a dozen occasions, a gram of cocaine from the accused. "I never used the drug," said Ross in Atlanta, "but I felt that I had to tell the truth, to be true to God. I was associated with it."

Now, Ross and three other NFL players had been suspended by Commissioner Pete Rozelle. They could neither practice nor play until after the fourth game of the season. Suddenly, one of the most popular and admired figures in Cin-

cinati saw his name splattered with mud.

Was Ross aware of the denunciatory editorials in the national press? "I'm very aware," he said. "I hear the talk and I've read so many articles. But I can't worry about what people say. My involvement was very minute, and for me to take on the burden of the whole NFL is unfair. I still got my life to carry on." He frowned.



Despite his size, Gerald is anything but stationary on the field.

"But I've asked myself, 'What is the purpose? What is the reason for this?'"

It was not a rhetorical question. If, as his father believed, adversity was a test of one's character, Ross wondered if he should meet this crisis not as a catastrophe but as an opportunity. "When God did this to me..." Ross hesitated and smiled. "Well, actually, Pete Rozelle did this to me." He searched for the right words. "I don't see it as a crisis. I see it as a temporary setback. I was led astray, but now my direction is very clear."

Setbacks, the Browners believe, strengthen one, and the brothers cite precedent. Ross's Notre Dame experience was a triumph—twice on the dean's list, a degree in economics, college football's top lineman—but at the end of his freshman year he was one of six football players suspended from school for a year following a rape complaint from an 18-year-old woman. She did not press charges, and Ross returned to school in the fall of 1975.

So it's understandable that Ross would say that day in Atlanta, "This is not the first time, or the last time, that I'm gonna have to come back from adversity." If anything, his own embarrassment over the drug suspension could serve as a warning to his brothers. "It's opened up their eyes," he said, "and it has brought the family even closer together." The word family seemed to bolster his spirit. "God has given me a security that a lot of people would like to have—family."

"How did he sound?" a worried Julia asked later that night. "Was he pretty low?" However hearty Ross might appear to strangers, his mother knew he was hurting terribly. At first, after the trial, he had hidden from himself, not answering the phone, not going out. Then he had thrown himself into good works, giving his time to youth groups, charities, anybody who would help him atone. He acted brave, confident, but one never knew.

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 2, Ross resumed his football career at Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium. He did not start, but when he left the field following his first series, he was greeted by a vigorous and sustained ovation. "Cincinnati really turned me on," he told a clutch of reporters in the locker room after the game. "The crowd roaring and all, I was really excited." Was he nervous? "I was never nervous, just a little rusty. I got bounced around a couple of times like a Ping-Pong ball." He stood by the training-room door, clad only in a towel, and flashed the big smile. Ross Browner was back.

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In Senatobia, meanwhile, Gerald is far from the roaring crowd, but the language of redemption is the same. "This is just like a rehabilitation program I'm going through," he says. "There's always some obstacle you've gotta get over. Mine's academic." For now, there were no quarterbacks to pursue, no enemies to swat down—just books and pencils. "Everything's going fine," says Northwest Mississippi Coach Bobby Franklin. "Gerald is doing well in school, and we look forward to having him on the team next year. We're just trying to get him back to a major college where he belongs."

What college that might be, Gerald isn't saying, although he leaves open a return to Georgia. In August, at 330 pounds, Gerald rekindled the interest of major college football coaches by running a 40-yard dash in 4.9 seconds. "That's phenomenal," says Southern California Coach Ted Tollner. "He has to be a tremendous athlete, at that size, to do the things he does, the jumping and running." Whether the public will ever see these gifts will soon be resolved. With Jimmie Jr. and Willard as evidence that neither memories nor potential will pay the bills, Gerald seems ready to prove himself, if not to the world, at least to his family. "My last name's Browner," he says defiantly, "but I still have to make Gerald known."

The covenant, his brothers sometimes remind him, was not that they all become football stars but that they should stick together and finish college. There's no jumping the ditch and running with the other kids until the promise is fulfilled. That's why all the Browners live partly in the past.

The custodian of the Browner past, by virtue of his residence, is Jimmie Jr. In September he commemorated his first anniversary back in Warren by taking his girlfriend, Pamela Brame, a high-fashion magazine model who has since become his wife, and a visitor on a tour. It was a Sunday morning, sunny and peaceful, without much traffic. Being back home

felt strange, he said. Most professional athletes left the city and never came back. "It's not that Warren isn't home," he said as he drove. "But you come back home and can't find jobs."

Jimmie cruised through the downtown area, hard hit by layoffs at Republic Steel and competition from a suburban shopping mall. "Lots of empty stores," he said, his head turning as he passed a city swimming pool where he and Ross had worked summers as lifeguards. He drove on through Perkins Park, green and leafy, with several manicured ball diamonds. One was the site of Willard's greatest pitching triumph, a 23-strikeout eight-inning perfect game for a Pony League team as a seventh-grader.

Next, Jimmie pointed out his apartment, in a white frame house two blocks

didn't know by whom. The playing field his dad had cleared was empty. It seemed too small to have ever contained the games of the Browners, but that was the passage of time working, childhood scale measured against bigger vistas.

Jimmie did not linger here, either, but drove on, thumping over railroad tracks and turning weedy corners until he had worked his way over to Republic Steel. The yards and parking lots were vacant on this Sunday; it was a ghost mill. Jimmie slowed the car to a crawl, appraising the plant through the windshield as if it were the rusted hulk of a warship washed ashore on some peaceful beach. "I got a chance to work in the factory one summer," he said, breaking the silence. "You blow your nose, black soot comes out. And that's just one day's work. You think

of 20 years doing that, all that stuff going into your lungs..."

Whose 20 years be meant was clear. "He died when he was 49," said Jimmie, slowly pulling away. "That's when most people start to prosper in life."

The last stop was Oakwood Cemetery. Jimmie drove up a winding path, arched by hoary trees, and parked the car near a small, turn-of-the-century mausoleum. It belonged, he said, to the family that had built the city hall mansion, the suicides. Jimmie

and Pamela got out of the car and drifted onto the burial plot of this family, so unlike his own: rich, white, respected and yet troubled unto death. He showed her the weathered markers, taking particular note of the buried children, infants who had not survived their first year. His family, he observed, had been spared that agony.

He turned and led Pamela across the path and directly to his father's grave. It was a simple headstone, bathed in a warm, lemony glow filtering through the trees. "Mine will be exactly the same someday," said Jimmie, "except it'll say 'Jr.' " The inscription reads:

JIMMIE L. BROWNER SR.
1927-1976
HUSBAND-FATHER



Jimmie Jr. wants a headstone just like his father's—"except it'll say 'Jr.' "

from the library. He then swung past city hall. The building is a restored gaslighter mansion, allegedly haunted by the original occupants. "Funny thing, the son shot himself," said Jimmie. "Then the daddy hung himself from a banister."

Crossing over to the West Side, Jimmie bypassed a cluster of old Army barracks that had been converted into low-income housing and approached Western Reserve High, a modern brick structure commanding a flat, barren site. Jimmie drove past without slowing. A mile or so away, the Super 45 Drive-In theater sat abandoned, choked with tall weeds. "We used to stand inside and watch," he said. Up the road, the Browner home, the house he had helped build as a child, was occupied, but he

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PERSPECTIVE

by SALVATORE GENTILE

FITNESS CENTERS AND SPAS RAISE THE HACKLES OF THIS GYM TRADITIONALIST

It sure isn't the same anymore at the old gym. It used to reek of liniment and sweat, and the stairs echoed with grunts all the way down to the street. You kept your gear rolled up in a damp towel tucked under your arm, and you went with an oldtimer until the guy at the front door got to know your face. From then on, you were greeted with a silent nod when you came in. You worked out in a dimly lit room beneath a ceiling of peeling paint, and if you were lucky, there was a place to shower. But it just isn't the same anymore.

I thought the gym would put up more of a fight, but even the term itself has passed into disuse. Today it's known as a health club or a fitness center. Or worse, a spa. You need a laminated card to get in, and if you bring a friend, he has to sign a waiver and leave a deposit before he can pass the desk. The gym doesn't smell the same because of the air conditioning. And it doesn't sound the same because of the carpeting, which dulls everything. The mirrored walls look funny, too, like something out of a fun house.

Even the signs at the old gym were different. They told you to put the weights back where you found them and not to spit on the floor. Your reasons for coming were your own. The spas have too many rules, and the employees ask too many questions. At the old gym, people hardly said a word. There weren't as many distractions, either. You found a quiet corner somewhere and did what you came to do. Nobody bothered you. There wasn't any music. There weren't any girly posters. If sweat got in your eyes, you wiped your face with the ripped T shirt you had on. If it was hot, you soaked your handkerchief in ice water and wrapped it around your neck.

The old gym didn't have locker room attendants with fancy offices and towels for rent. The guy at the front door looked up from his scratch sheet once in a while to make sure everything was all right. Whatever you forgot, you did without. You had a beer or soda before you left the house. There were no such things as juice bars, and nobody kept a program

chart. The routine was all in your head. You saw things were starting to pay off because your body looked it and the collars on your shirts felt tighter.

There were characters in the old gym, too, not just members. Guys who could snap off bottle caps with their teeth. They might have been overweight, but they were never short on guts. They were truck drivers and common laborers, and they broke their backs at jobs that provided enough exercise for anybody. The gym was where they came to let off steam, not to tone their muscles or flatten their stomachs. Sometimes you took a break and watched some old pros go a few rounds in the back room, just for fun. Or a name weightlifter dropped by and gave you a few pointers. It was the best place in the world to be. Not like today, with aerobics and yoga going on in the back room. The machines have gotten so complicated, you're afraid to touch anything with more than one moving part.

In the old days, you could always tell when someone had just finished a workout. His cheeks were red, and his hair was combed back wet. If there was someplace to go afterward and he could borrow a razor, then he shaved. But today, men spend more time in the locker room than they do in the gym. After they go for a swim or soak in the whirlpool, they take a sauna, sit in the steam bath and maybe stick around for a massage.

Women, of course, have sealed the old gym's fate for good. No one is questioning their right or their ability to exercise. But why must they do so under the same roof as we men? The only women we used to allow in the old gym were those in photographs, safely hidden away in our wallets. The problem is, women bring too much class to the place. They look good at the wrong time. How can a man relax when he constantly has to think about what he's going to say? The whole idea of both sexes sharing the same exercise room at the same time is too progressive, too civilized.

Isn't it enough what's happened to the old gym already? Was it necessary to uproot it from the old neighborhood? It belongs where it used to be, within earshot of the El train or down the block from the school yard, not in some fancy shopping mall. It was never meant to become so popular. Traditions shouldn't be tampered with, and the gym served as a link to what we were and where we came from. It sure isn't the same.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

Sports Illustrated

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR



ONE MORE FOR THE CHAMP

Sir:

Regarding Muhammad Ali's record 28 covers (19TH HOLE, Dec. 5), I believe the number should be 29. A check through my collection revealed that Ali (Clay) also appeared on the inside portion of the gatefold cover of your Dec. 22, 1969 issue. Tom Seaver was on the outside cover as Sportsman of the Year.

WES TERVO
Stanhope, N.J.

★ O.K., make it 29.—ED.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE'S COACH

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's article on Jim Valvano (*How King Rat Became Big Cheese*, Dec. 5) was one of the best stories you have run all year. Valvano's wit, his style, his attitude, even his hugging make him just what our drug-ridden, money-grubbing sports society needs. I would pay just to watch him coach.

Does V know his basketball? Absolutely! Does Kirkpatrick know how to write? Oh, yes! Are Valvano and Kirkpatrick the best in their professions? No question about it.

GENE WINTERS
Independence, Mo.

Sir:

Most of what Jim Valvano does for basketball, its fans and those who play the game for him cannot be quantified. It won't show up in the win-loss column or the box-score stats. One feels he gives his players a sense of purpose, preparing them not only for the Final Four, but also for life in general. He exposes their limitations and then somehow gets them to go one better. Coach V proves that it takes more than good recruiting and talented play-

ers to win games. Thanks for a fine article on a multidimensional man who certainly adds to a too often one-dimensional sport.

JIM BOLT
Bishopville, S.C.

Sir:

Enough already! Eleven pages—and 16 pictures yet—of the Mouth, Jimmy Valvano! Who cares? He makes Bobby Knight and Howard Cosell seem lovable.

There are plenty of good coaches around who care about their team rather than publicizing for themselves. Lou Carnesecca of St. John's is one. How about stories on them?

TOM CAROLAN
New York City

KENTUCKY RIVALRY

Sir:

What an issue for us roundball fans! The coverage of the Louisville-Kentucky game (*The Big Cat Came to Play*, Dec. 5) was super. And to answer Curry Kirkpatrick's questions: "How does it feel?" Great! "You happy?" Yes! "Satisfied?" Absolutely! "Fulfilled?" You bet. "Hey, Louisville, you still alive?" Alive and kicking!

Sure Louisville got beat—no, crushed—but the sport will be better for the addition of this regular-season game.

EARL L. TAYLOR
Louisville

Sir:

Thanks to Curry Kirkpatrick for his vivid account of the Kentucky-Louisville game and for his insight into the making of this series of regular-season meetings. Like many Kentucky fans around the state, I have anxiously awaited the beginning of this rivalry because it will prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that Kentucky is still the only way to say—or play—basketball in the Bluegrass State.

MICHAEL K. CURRY
Lexington, Ky.

THE REPU'S BOWL

Sir:

Steve Wulf turned a yawner of a pro football game into a truly "reputable" article (*A Clash of Turkeys*, Dec. 5). His subtle wit had me laughing out loud. A rare but pleasurable reading experience.

KEATING COFFEY
Pasadena

Sir:

Thanks to Steve Wulf for the funniest article about pro football I've ever read. He captured the flavor of the pathetic performances the Oilers and Buccaneers have given their fans all year long. ekop a usj saw emag ehT

CLIFF HARRIS
Brooklyn

HOLMES VS. YOUNG FRAZIER

Sir:

That was a marvelous piece by Pat Putnam on the Larry Holmes-Marvin Frazier mismatch (*No Chip off the Old Block*, Dec. 5). Putnam's account was short and to the point, as was the fight. I think Holmes should have delivered a right cross to the jaw of Joe Frazier for Frazier's utter lack of regard for his son's inexperience.

MIKE STIVERS
Spokane

SKINS GAME

Sir:

I enjoyed Dan Jenkins' article on *The Skins Game* (*No Skinsflin Around Here*, For Sure, Dec. 5). I can appreciate the skills of the professional golfers involved, but what's the big deal—four guys getting together and playing for \$360,000 of someone else's money? Let four top golfers put up \$90,000 each and then go at it. That would be an interesting match!

RICHARD A. CHARD
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir:

To me, *The Skins Game* was one of the

continued



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Team Up, America! And choose from a variety of Olympic gifts to make this Olympic year more enjoyable. Send a \$25.00 contribution to receive a handsome "TEAM UP, AMERICA!" brass paperweight. You'll certainly enjoy this beautiful 18" x 24" OLYMPIC GLORY poster for a \$20.00 contribution. Or, for a \$25.00 gift, you'll receive this full color 1984 Olympic appointment book loaded with photos of our top Olympic hopefuls. We'll send you a colorful glass "whatnot" tray for your home or office for a \$15.00 gift. And make your viewing of the 1984 Olympic Games more exciting with your set of four 12-ounce official drinking glasses filled with your favorite beverage for a \$15.00 contribution. Or you can show your support for our athletes with your great looking unisex belt and its 1984 Olympic crest buckle for a \$20.00 gift. Start today and do your part for our athletes and the Olympic dream. They need your help now!

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18TH HOLE continued

worst things to happen to the game of golf in
all of its honorable history. This was greed in
capital letters, not sport.

WILLIAM M. REILLY JR.
Washington, Pa.

Sir:

Dan Jenkins described the action to a tee.
However, he would have a hard time picking
up a game in our foursome if he maintains
that "an invocation of the Rules of Golf in a
skins game seems almost funny. Everyone
knows in a real skins game anything goes,
including roots." Dan would be the first to go.
Golfers never lie; they play it as it lies.

BOB BECKLEY
Atlanta

GREASED GOALPOSTS

Sir:

I am a charter subscriber, and over the
years I have had letters published in SI
with good results. In 1962 (19TH HOLE,
May 28, 1962) I advocated padding outfield
walls in major league baseball parks. Shortly
afterward cushioning began to appear on the
walls of parks in both leagues. Today all out-
fields in the majors have this safety feature.

Then in 1963, citing Howard (Hopalong)
Cassidy, who a few years before had turned
his head to catch a touchdown pass and
crashed into a goalpost planted right on the
goal line, I sent a message and drawing (18TH
HOLE, Jan. 28, 1963) advocating that goal-
posts be placed beyond the end zone and that
the crossbar and uprights be cantilevered out
over the goal line. I also recommended coat-
ing the crossbar and uprights with transmis-
sion grease to prevent fanatics from climbing
them and tearing them down. We soon had a
version of the new goalposts. However, my
third suggestion has yet to take hold. If the
goalposts in the Yale Bowl had been "but-
tered," Harvard freshman Margaret Cimino
(SCORECARD, Nov. 28) most likely would not
have been injured.

AUSTIN C. DALEY
Providence

Sir:

I find it sad that your editorial on the tear-
ing down of goalposts came only after Marg-
aret Cimino was hurt. Miss Cimino's condition
was described as critical at the time. Please
tell us how she is now.

JETT SWANSON

Mountlake Terrace, Wash.

• Cimino was moved last week from a New
Haven hospital to the Westchester County
Medical Center, near her home in North Tarrytown,
N.Y. Officials said Cimino's condition
has been upgraded to fair, but she still
suffers from paralysis on her left side and on
parts of her right.—ED.

Letters should include the name, address and
home telephone number of the writer and be
addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
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